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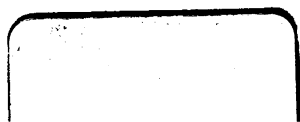
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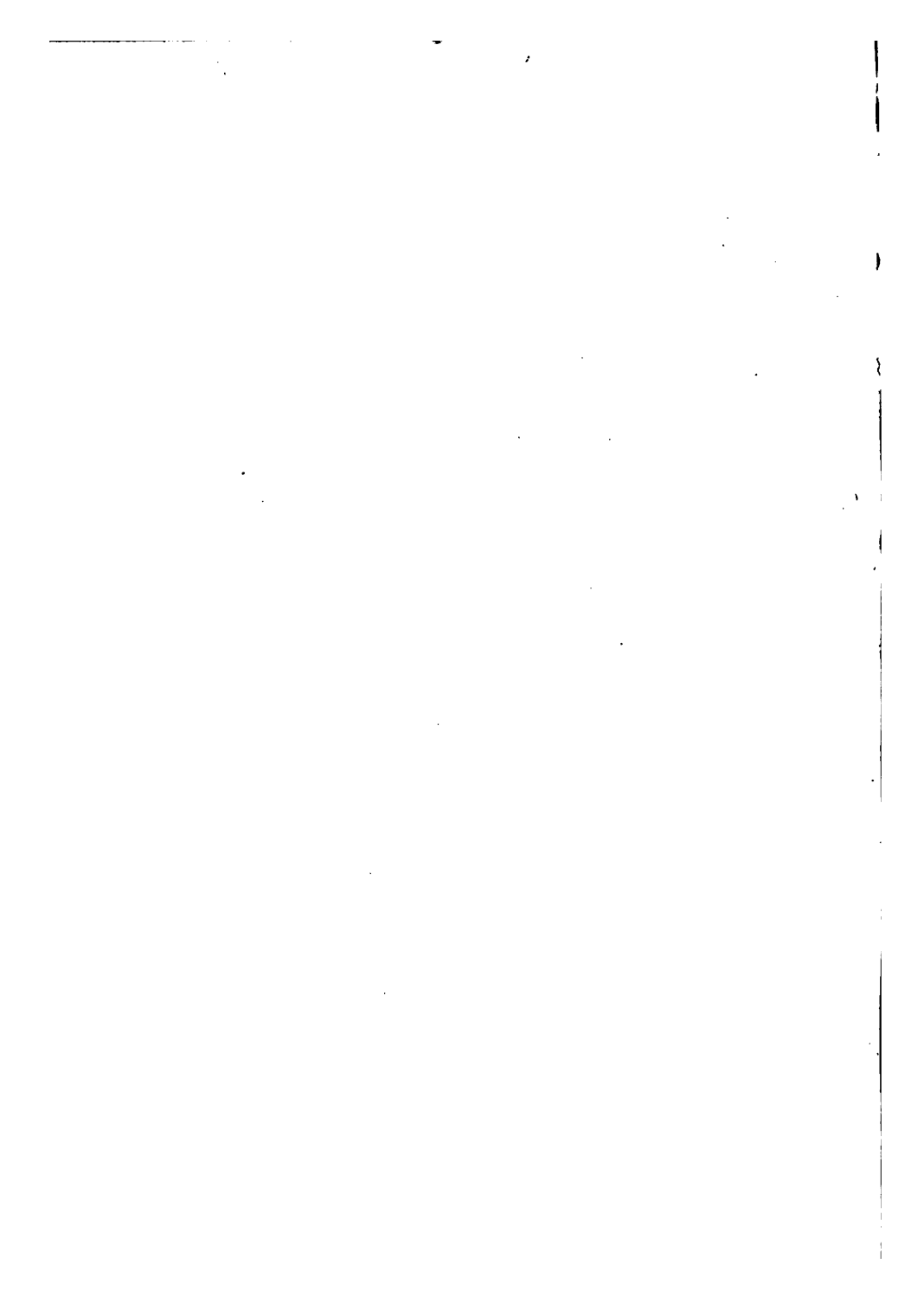


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VERSES BY THE WAYSIDE

BY
EDNA SMITH-DERAN



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RICHARD G. BADGER
The Gorham Press

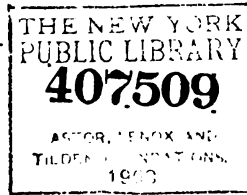
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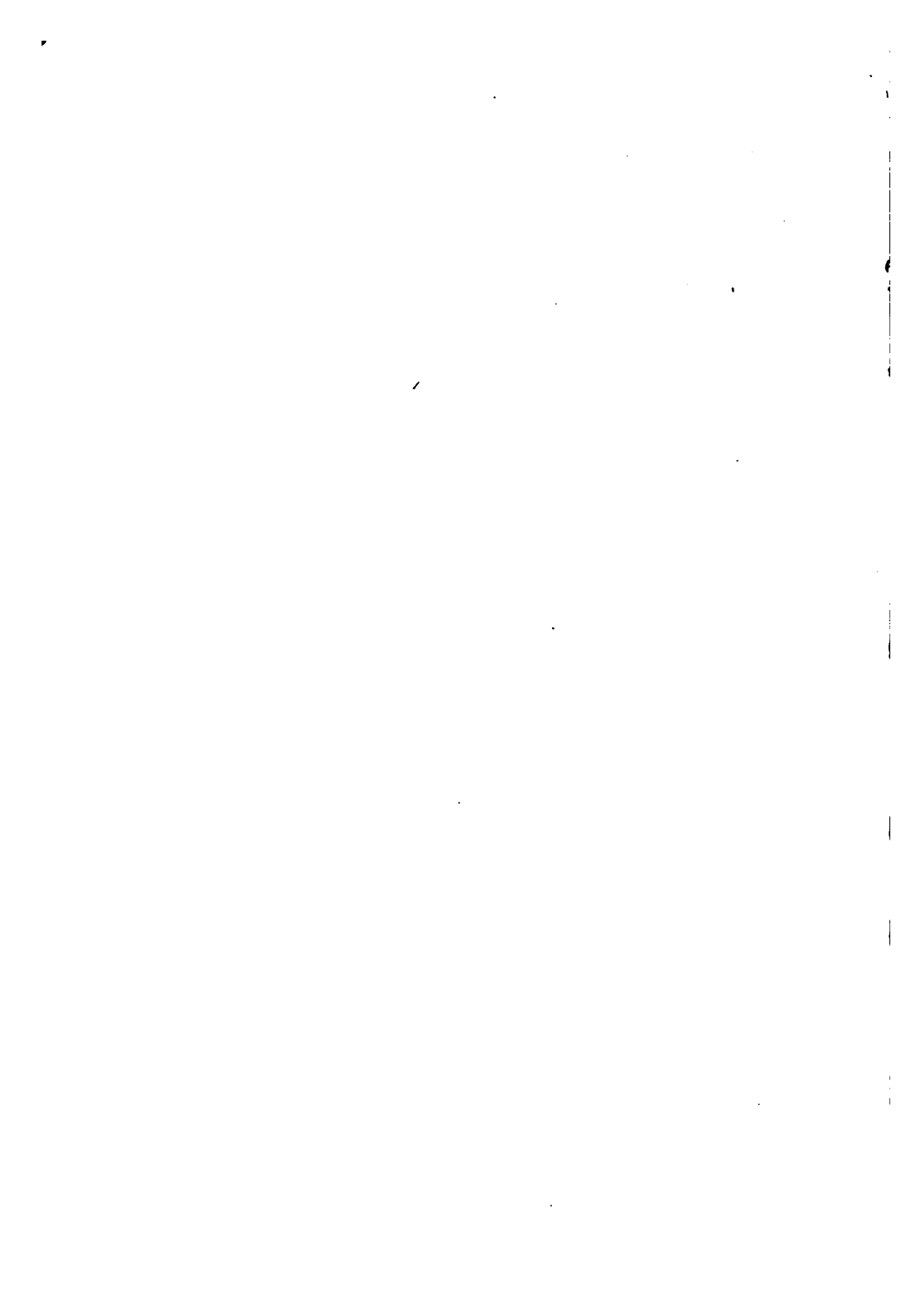
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The Grafton Press, Boston, U. S. A.

TO
MY FATHER
AND
MY MOTHER



PREFACE

This collection of verse is put in print only for the sake of those to whom this book is dedicated, otherwise I should have waited till my mentalities were more mature ere I allowed my productions to enter the literary arena. If he, who cannot read them (for my father gave his sight for our country in its hour of peril), and she, whose mother love has always been mine in hours of discouragements, are pleased I am satisfied. If there is aught in this initial effort that may give pleasure to others, I shall be gratified.

EDNA SMITH-DeRAN

"Not failure but low aim is crime."

*"Do what thy manhood bids thee do,
From none but self expect applause,
He noblest lives and noblest dies
Who makes and keeps his self-made laws.
All other life is living death,
A world where none but phantoms dwell,
A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice,
A tinkling of the camel-bell."*

*"No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its
strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby."*

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GIVE JOY

If you know a thought that's pleasant,
Tell it; tell it to the world;
For if kept it betters no one,
And we need good thoughts to grow on.
Worried thoughts may brighten,
Spoken thoughts may lighten
Heavy burdens for the weary earth.
Then speak out; reveal your pleasure;
Share with all, conceal no treasure
Of the mind, but tell, oh, tell your mirth.

If you know a song of beauty,
Sing it; sing it for mankind.
Let the tones ring loud and joyous,
'Tis but discords that annoy us,
Cheerful songs are pleasant;
Grief is always present
To be stifled, crushed by mirth and song.
Make thy songs for sorrow healing,
Tho' thy grief thou art concealing,
Then thy sorrow cannot linger long.

Can you give a smile, a handgrasp,
That will cheer us on our way?
Can you lighten some one's sorrow?
Can you some one's burden borrow?
Borrow it to bury;
Give instead words merry.
Let the world share of your joy and love.
Give the best that is within you;
Let but truth and virtue win you;
Then this world will be akin to heaven above.

RESURRECTED HOPE

Yes, I have loved, but love proved false;
Not even *I* could hold my power,
Or bind that love to me till death,
Altho' I tried. One fatal hour

A serpent, clothed in garments gay,
Crept to my throne and left its sting;
And love, at first rebellious, paused,
And seeing, hungered; then took wing.

For one brief period it was mine;
And I, rejoicing in my right,
Knew not that it could tempted be
While mine, until I learned its flight.

And so, one dark and dismal morn,
Life's loneliness crept over me;
And, in my grief, I looked around
For other happy homes, to see

What secret I had failed to learn;
What faults; since I had failed to hold
That thing called love, of which I dreamed
Would last, because of pleadings bold.

I sought and searched; but other hearts
I found, like mine, were seeking, too,
And living empty, loveless lives,
And drinking not of balm, but rue.

And so I dropped my quest of love,
That gleamed so golden in youth's morn, —
In merry, joyous, thoughtless youth
When pleasures breed and hopes are born.

But when one false, fair face can lead
Love's step astray from pastures pure,
We realize how fragile, frail,
Love is, since wanton wiles allure.

The poet knew who said of love:
'Tis "music, song, regret, and tears";
When true the heart sings out its joy;
When false the soul moans out its fears.

And I? Well, having loved and lost,
And moaned my sorrow, ere I flung
The worthless carcass from my heart,
My lyre, in reborn hope, I strung.

Once more my heart beat full of hope;
And youth's ambition, not quite dead,
Nor crushed entirely from my heart,
(My weaker love when I was wed,)

Once more, I say, those hopes dared rise,
And rising, bold, assert their sway;
And I, obeying their demand,
Breathe forth these fancies here to-day.

Henceforth for me a wider field
Than man alone; and if I sing
One humble song to cheer the heart,
If courage, joy, my lines shall bring

To other hearts, or e'en perchance,
To one sad soul among the throng,
I shall not deem my sorrow vain;
Shall not regret I sang the song.

But should some minor strains creep in,
Some lines be sad, oh, reader, say:
" This author, too, like us, has wept,
But conquered grief, as we all may."

THE NIGHT WINDS MOAN

When the earth is draped in darkness
In the " wee sma' " hours of night,
And the clouds with flitting fancy
Steal from earth the moonbeams light,
And we lie and toss and tumble
With a peevish, restless groan,
Then we hear the night winds mock us
As they moan and moan and moan.

Then we listen to their wailing
Like the sobbing of a child,—
First in tones far off and feeble,
Then in accents fierce and wild,
And the clouds go flitting, fleeing,
Silent, while the nightwinds groan.
Till the moon bursts from its hiding;
But those winds still moan and moan.

But at last the morn in dawning;
Now the dark is turning gray,

And the gray to sunshine growing;
And the night winds fear to stay;
Now the scampering clouds are scattering,
Till the very last has flown;
And no more we hear the night winds
As they moan and moan and moan.

O BITTER THOUGHTS, DON'T GO

Birds have wings to fly at will
O'er boundless land and sea;
To soar 'midst azure heights above,
Or on the earth to be.

We have words that go at will
To seek some person's heart
And pleasure, comfort, solace give,
Or cruel wounds impart.

We can stay our tongue, nor say
The thoughts that are within;
For words once said we can't recall,
Can't bring them back again.

Thoughts have wings and flee afar,
Ere we can say them nay;
Then speed away, oh, lovely thought,
But bitter ones, oh, stay,

That we may crush thee in our heart
So better thoughts can grow
And fill our minds, then sail away.
Oh, bitter thoughts, don't go.

LIFE'S LESSON

In the golden glow of the dawning day,
When the earth is bathed by the morning dew,
And the heart beats fast with a newborn hope,
Of a home and a love that is ever true,—

In the joy of morn, and the birth of love,
We discern no gloom, neither doubt nor fear
Lest the hours to come, and the love now true,
Shall be dimmed by clouds, or love's life be drear.

In the graying gloom of our life's e'entide,
When the joys and griefs of our life are done,
Then our thoughts still cling to those days long past,
And in mind retread that long race now run.

And with aged eyes do we wisely see
That life's burdens fall 'midst its joys so vast
But to strengthen us, if we falter not,
And a well-won crown we may wear at last.

THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

To Mr. L——, of Chicago

In thought do I come to thee, darling, to-night,
While night winds are sobbing and stars hide their
light;
While joy-laden hearts are at peace and asleep,
But tear-burdened eyes slumber not whilst they
weep.

In thought do I see thee alone and apart
From Life's merry throng; and I see the tears start
As some secret monitor whispers my name.
O Love! was it we or was Fate but to blame

That two lives, united, be rendered in twain
And each, being severed, have freedom again?
And freedom for what? Perchance to mismatch,
Once more in Life's lottery trifle with fate;

Or each live alone, and alone wend our way
Through Life's dreary desert, each night and each
day;
With no one to cherish, or help make a home,—
God pity us both if 'tis thus we must roam.

And so in the quiet of this midnight hour
I come to thee, love, (for God giveth that power),
On wings of the night wind; my soul seeketh thine
In session most secret; thy heart meets with mine.

Once more in our thoughts do we live o'er the past,
And down furrowed faces are tears falling fast.
O day-dream delusions! O castles of youth!
How quickly dispelled. Father Time brings the
truth.

The life we two dreamed of, can never it be?
Let's bring back those day-dreams and fantasies
free,
And break the steel chain of the cold present now,
And say o'er again that once falsely said vow.

The starlight is dimming; the dawn's early rays
Are lighting thy face as in fancy I gaze.
I leave thee. Thou knowest this vigil I kept.
And when the morn comes we will know both have
wept.

SPRING

The treetops sway in balmy breezes;
The dead weeds change to tendrils green;
The dews from heaven make the flowers
A beauteous sight to all, I ween.

The birds sing in the budding silence,
And Nature's heart seems all aglow;
The fruit trees standing in the sunlight,
Their blossoms pink and white as snow.

The lambs are dancing o'er the meadow
With naught to fear, in youthful glee.
The mother hen clucks to her babies;
The calves are running gay and free.

The clods of earth hold naught that's dreary;
The humble worm creeps forth to light.
The heart of man beats fast in gladness;
His step is quick, his eyes are bright.

Oh, gladsome time, when God and Nature
Give joy and peace for you and me.
Oh, glorious time, when winter coldness
Has given place to fancies free.

And may all lives be like the springtime,
All hearts be filled with joy and love;
Our motto "Onward," ever upward,
With peace on earth to joy above.

For soon the spring fades into summer,
And emerald green gives way to gold;
The springtime blossoms, white and fragrant,
In juicy fruits will Nature mould.

And as the seasons blend together,
With rain and sunshine in them all
(For each brings sadness, all give gladness),
E'en so this change must come to all.

Our days are bright but soon come sorrows,
And in our lives their sadness bring.
But, blessed thought, just after winter
Will come the joy, will come the spring.

THE OUTCAST

I've wandered through mud and through mire in
the streets,
I've wandered in sorrow and sin.
My steps have been wayward, my life has been wild,
My clothes are all ragged and thin.

I was once a fair, gay, and virtuous child;
I knelt at a good mother's knee.
Thank God she knows not my suffering and sin,
Thank God from that sorrow she's free.

He came in my life with his false, loving words,
He won me ere long as his bride;
He swore at the altar that he would be true
And love her who stood at his side.

But soon he was tired of the toy he had won;
He struggled for freedom and fame;
He left me alone while he roamed o'er the world;
A wife was I only in name.

For months did I live with my sorrow and grief;
I craved only love from my own;
I wept in my loneliness, moaned in despair;
No hell could have been worse than my home.

He scoffed at me, cursed me, and left me in tears,
While he lived a life of content;
So, one dreary morning, I packed all my clothes
And out in the wide world I went.

But God made a woman with heart craving love,
And I longed for love's sweet caress.
But I had no parents or kindred or home,
To shelter me in my distress.

I roamed o'er the world caring not where I went.
You wonder I strayed into sin?
When woman asks love from a husband in vain,
The hell holes are wide to go in.

When woman asks naught but a kind word of love
Of a husband to whom she gave all,
Asks bread, gets a stone, for a kiss gets a curse,
Hell's gate opens wide for her fall.

But no devil's den has its doors so well made
God's love cannot enter therein.
And so, in His mercy, He came unto me,—
To me, child of sorrow and sin.

“ Though sins be as scarlet, I'll make them like
snow,”
Was meant for poor sinners like me.
“ More joy o'er one sinner that comes in the fold,”
That sinner, O Christ, let me be.

IN MEMORIAM FOR A PET DOG

June 5, 1903.

Dust thou wert, to dust returnest;
So I sit here sad, at home.
Bitter tears for thee are falling;
Still for thee my heart is calling;
But alas! I am alone.

Rains are beating all around thee,
Down upon thy bed of earth.
While thy form is slow decaying
Down my cheeks the tears are straying,
And for me there is no mirth.

Thou, who ever wast so happy
In thy home with me and mine;
Not a sorrow didst thou cherish.
Now can it be that thou must perish?
Is there not a heaven of thine?

Thou wast e'er my dear companion,
E'er a constant, faithful friend.
None can guess how great my sorrow.
Lone I sit each day and morrow
Naught to me doth comfort lend.

I would not, dear Dick, forget thee,
Though remembrance brings me pain.
O'er thy grave shall be love's token,
As in life love's words were spoken,
Words thou ne'er wilt hear again.

Roses rare shall bloom above thee,
Lilies lend their fragrance free.
Not alone my hands shall tend them
But all those thou loved shall lend them
Care, that flowers shall bloom o'er thee.

And perchance, as each pure petal
Waves above thy silent form,
When the winds are softly blowing
And the fragrant flowers growing,
It may be thou'lt know we mourn.

From the acorn springs the oaktree,
From the seeds the cornfields green;
Death is nothing but a changing,
Nothing but God's rules arranging
For the good of all things seen.

So thy spirit must be living,
Though thy form is still and cold
And cannot respond to calling,

Though my tears are slowly falling,
And my sorrow I have told.

So thy precious little body
We shall gently put to rest,
That no rough hand may come near it,
And if thou dost have a spirit
God will do for thee the best.

Dust thou wert to dust returnest.
And some day, dear Dick, shall I
Be laid low, by earth enfolded,
And like thou, to dust be moulded;
For we all, some day, must die.

In thy bed that's rose embowered
We now leave thee to thy rest,
And continue life's sad keeping,
Life with all its joys and weeping,
Knowing all is for the best.

A REPLY

You ask of me, did I forget
The days that once we thought so dear.
Ah, love, it sadly grieves me now
That in thy heart should be one fear
Lest I, 'midst new and binding ties,
Remember not.

A wife am I and also thou;
And yet that severed not our tie;
And still another, sweeter bond

Hath come to both; for you and I
Have kissed sweet, childish lips. To both
Came motherhood.

Alike have we each lived our lives
Apart, and yet, in love, still one.
Our thoughts for each as firm and true
As when our friendship first begun.
The years now passed since "long ago"
Have been our test.

And glad am I that sorrow great
Has furrowed not thy brow so fair;
Nor hath much sadness come to me.
The silver strands that in my hair
Thou seest came from Time's own touch,
And not from grief.

'Twas in those olden days, dear friend,
I set my love in rhythm for thee.
To-day I read those simple lines
I wrote when thou and I were free,
And not a care to come between;
But now we're bound.

And so, my friend, tho' oft thy heart
Hath called to me and I came not,
Yet still my thoughts have been of thee.
My love to thee has gone unsought
Each day. Has not some unseen elf
Told thee my thoughts?

Let thine own heart be judge for thee
When thou must ask, has she forgot ?
Thou knowest well my love is thine;
Cast off all fears, distrust me not.
Thy friend I'll be till death do part;
Till death, dear friend.

SORROW

Have you sought for success and met failure ?
Has life seemed a burden of care ?
Have you almost lost faith in God's promise ?
Vain words seem the burden of prayer ?

Do you long for true love and affection,
Yet sit by your fireside alone ?
And does some little mound in the churchyard
Claim all that you once thought your own ?

Have you learned that grim death and affliction
Must come in the life of each one ?
And that sorrow and much disappointment
Is met with ere life's race be run ?

Have you learned to laugh lightly when happy ?
Then learn to laugh still when in tears;
It is hard, none save God knows the effort
When days seem like long weary years.

But among life's great heroes, are people
Who laugh at life's burdens nor fret;
And they smile in the face of Fate's frowning;
Whose lives are not one long regret.

And therefore, dear friends, e'er remember
As you grieve o'er some sadness, forlorn,
That each sorrow that comes in our pathway
Will have its twin Joy. Both were born.

It is not hand in hand they will greet us,
For joy, youthful joy travels fast;
And behind lags the twin, slow, but planning
To greet us as she marches past.

If with trials some days you're o'erflowing,
And sorrow seems breaking the heart,
Remember each night has its morning,
And Time's silent shades will depart.

There's naught that comes to us that's worthless;
Life's joys and its griefs are not vain.
But each one is a step in God's progress.
Then take up your burden again.

Bear bravely the trials that o'ertake you;
Know 'tis for your good they are given;
So be patient and trusting and loving,
Each day stepping upward to heaven.

The steps may be steep and you, weary,
May feel that the effort is vain;
Do not grieve, but toil upward, rejoicing
You need not climb those steps again.

Each step that we climb in life's pathway,
Each victory we win 'gainst the wrong,
And each sorrow we meet with and conquer,
Are making us daily grow strong.

It is best that this world has its sorrow,
That all must weep some bitter tears;
For the mingling of joy and of sadness
Brings wisdom that comes but with years.

It is best that each rose has its beauty,
Yet, hidden in perfume, its sting;
'Tis the victories we gain with great effort
The greatest reward always bring.

It is easy to smile when you're happy,
To fall not when there is no sin;
Both temptation and sorrow are test signs;
And life's truest heroes will win.

FAITH

Sometime, somewhere, we'll meet again
And say farewell to parting pain;
Though it may be that months, or years,
Will intervene. Perhaps sad tears
May bathe thy cheeks or dampen mine.
Yet this I know, we'll meet again.

Sometime. Perhaps thy tresses brown
May then be silvered, dear, by years;
The sparkle in thy eyes so bright
May then be dimmed by time's fast flight
(For age e'er fades the glow of youth)
Or dulled by sorrow's bitter tears.

Thy form may loose its stately height,
And slow and feeble be thy gait;
But what of that? It matters not
If 'tis the same true heart I sought.
What care we, dear, for time's own touch
If hearts be true. With faith I wait.

Somewhere,— the place is naught to me,
When once again my love I greet.
E'en tho' no beauty should be there
Thou'lt lend the place a charm most rare.
(What charm more sweet than love that's true.)
Somewhere, beloved, I know we'll meet.

Sometime, somewhere. Believe, sweetheart.
Lift up thine eyes; thy fear is vain.
God's love all round for you and me
Has never failed. Then why should we
Doubt love that He allowed be born?
Sometime, somewhere, we'll meet again.

WAITING

Every Thursday as the mailman
Brings his budget to the door,
Can be seen a fair young maiden
Saying to the postman laden,
“Is there not for me one more?”

Sad her story. I'll relate it.
She had met a lover true
Who had pledged her fond affection,
Yet their love escaped detection,
And their troth was known by few.

But at last he said: " I'll leave you
And to foreign lands will start;
There I'll win great wealth and power
Then will come the happy hour
I can marry you, sweetheart."

So he started o'er the ocean
With a hopeful heart, yet sad;
Of the treacherous waves not dreaming
But of her, whose eyes were beaming
With the hope of love she had;

In fond fancy saw her standing
On the deck to say farewell.
As he felt the tears drop slowly
O'er his face, his head bent lowly
On the rail, where teardrops fell.

Soon he heard a great commotion
And the boat seemed rolling wild.
Overboard the waves were rushing;
Men and women, frantic, crushing,
Fearing waters, once so mild.

Then he rushed in vain endeavor
To the deck that he might aid.
But, as he had sat there dreaming
Of his love, so hopeful seeming,
He was doomed, by death waylaid.

Soon a mighty crash resounded,
Naught to help them, or to save.
From the crew were moans and shrieking;

In the boat wild waters leaking,
And for all a wat'ry grave.

But no words can tell the horror
Of that death scene, sad yet short.
None survived to tell the story,
How the waves were wild with fury,
None to tell the fair sweetheart.

So, alone she worked and waited
For her love who never came.
Waited, while her health was ailing
And her mind was slowly failing,
With her questions e'er the same.

Thus it was she always questioned
Of a letter from her love.
But her eyes are dim with weeping
O'er a faithful vigil keeping,
Watched by angels from above.

LIFE

Life is not a dreary desert,
Not a bleak and barren waste,
But a forest green and growing
To the one who goes through knowing,
Seeking, what it is we taste.

If we keep our eyes cast downward
We can see the thorns and weeds;
We can feel each brier and bramble,

At each scratch can moan and tremble
Like a thief caught at his deeds.

But if we will seek a pathway
That leads out through verdant bowers,
Where the lofty trees are swaying,
And the winds 'midst branches playing,
We can find a path of flowers.

Turn thee henceward; see hope gleaming;
Pause not once to grieve or wait;
Let ambition guide thee onward,
Not temptation drag thee downward,
Tho' sin shows a gilded gate.

Life has pathways that are pleasant;
Look beyond thee and around;
Let no secret sin, nor sorrow,
Find thee on its track to-morrow;
Seek the path where joys abound,

Yet where virtue holds its kingdom,
(The path that leads to heaven above).
Come not weeping; best come singing
And but hope and good thoughts bringing;
Then thou'lt find the path of love.

WHAT IS SORROW

You ask me what is sorrow, dear,
Alas! that I should tell;
Yet, in the days now past and gone,
My bitter tears oft fell.

And yet, dear heart, I long have known
It is a friend disguised;
Although it takes us years to learn
Why sorrow was devised.

It is to have your mother near
And feel her dying breath,
To hear her say, "God bless you, dear,"
Then kiss her lips in death.

To know that she, your dearest friend,
Can give you no caress;
Can answer not your words of love;
Ah! this is sorrow, yes.

To marry one you thought most true,
And love the one you win;
But learn a fairer face he seeks
That leads him into sin.

Then when you sit alone and weep,
While she laughs at his jest,
You need not ask what sorrow is,
For then you know by test.

It is to guard your children's steps
And be a parent kind;
And yet, in after years, to fear
A drunkard's grave they'll find.

To feel your care has been in vain;
And hope dies in your heart;
With none to comfort or sustain,
Alone you bear your part.

Each one of these is sorrow, dear.
It oft takes years to show
Such trials give strength, if bravely borne.
They come to all, you know.

When sorrow silvers your dark hair,
Your form is bowed by age,
You would not turn grief's cup away,
Or tear out sorrow's page.

Each trial we bear has its reward;
Each grief, a hero's test.
The one who wears the brightest crown
Is he who bore grief best.

LIFE'S MUSIC

In life's fair fitful morn, we first
Sing joyous strains, in tones most sweet;
No minor melody is ours,
But joy and hope and love we greet.

Our nimble fingers play with ease
Each note. Each chord, a hope new born,
Rings loud and clear beneath our touch,
In life's fair, hopeful, happy morn.

A parent's love attunes our hearts
And turns not sorrow's sadder page.
The dirges come in later life.
The postlude comes, but comes with age.

In anxious haste we turn the page
To newer notes, yet knowing not
That, at the end, we fain would choose
The first bright strains that we were taught.

Our life seems one long dream of love;
The music's page a sweet refrain
O'er which we linger lovingly,
And beg to play that part again.

A master's hand slow turns the page,
And lo! the time and key have turned
To minor, with its low, sad chords.
The grief of life our soul has learned.

We play the part adagio,
While on our hands the teardrops fall,
And youth and hope and love seem gone,
We weakly ask where are they all.

We pause to see if hands more skilled
Will take our place that we might rest,
Or search for strains of joyous vein;
But fate refuses our request.

A master's kindly voice says, "No,
No artist he who falters now;
No hero he who fails the test;
No laurel decks the coward's brow.

"Each one must play what he began."
And so we take our work again,
'Mid blinding tears we see the notes
And play the end of life's sad strain.

And when the tones triumphant end,
And life's concerto is all done,
And on our brow the laurel wreath
That we have gladly, nobly won,

The master takes our weary hands
In his own kindly, gentle grasp,
And gladly, proudly says: "Well done,
Dear heart, well done has been thy task.

"Thou knowest what I knew so well,—
That minor must be played by all,
E'er we can know what major means,
Tho' it has gone beyond recall.

"In life's sweet strains we all must learn.
The two most fitly, wisely blend;
And he who plays both parts with care,
Is glad for both when comes the end."

SOLITUDE

When love is not, and life is lone,
What joy can wealth give to a heart
That asks affection, pure and kind,
And in true love would heaven find;
For home and love dwell not apart.

A house, a place where people dwell,
Although a home it may not be;
A house is oft a mansion fine,
With gilded pictures, jewels, wine,
And all that's fair and fine to see

Save love. And so, 'tis not a home,
Tho' oft miscalled by that sweet name,
For love must be the binding link.
Does love once gone, return, you think,
The same pure love, the same?

Oh, that each heart that weeps and waits
For love that's flown, could know this true;
Could feel assured of heaven once more,
Ere life's great conflict is all o'er,
A heaven of love that once it knew.

Across the way the boys and girls
Dance joyfully, with laughter free
From grief and fear. While I, alas!
Sit in my house while hours pass,
For time is heeded not by me.

'Tis not the gloss of gold I want.
What joy to me the wealth I own?
But love from those that should be near,
And whom I always loved most dear,
To cheer me as I sit alone.

In happy homes where love abounds,
Warm household fires are sparkling bright;
But not one ray of light is mine,
Although I've jewels rare and fine;
For I'm alone each day and night.

HOUSE CLEANING

In the midst of house cleaning are we,
Hence no letter from me will you see.
There is dust in each corner and crack
From the cellar to attic and back,
And the moth and the mice and the rust
Form a fast-working union with dust.

So I go with my mop and my brush,
While my husband says: "Oh, what a rush!
From the dust and the soapsuds and noise
I will go. I will lunch with the boys.
When your house cleaning's over please 'phone,
And I'll come to my once happy home."

So he skips while I mop and I rub,
I beat carpets, wash woodwork and scrub,
Sew the curtains, wash windows and walls,
Tramp through kitchen and parlor and halls.
'Tis no wonder Jack left, for he knows
There's no end to the house cleaning woes.

'TIS THE MONTH OF MAY

The daffodils and daisies white
Wave gently in the warm sunlight.
The growing leaves of emerald hue
Are sparkling yet with morning dew.

The green grass grows beneath our feet;
The birds with songs all nature greet.

The growing flowers burst their buds;
The lily to the violet nods.

The buttercups tint fields with gold;
All springtime beauties now unfold.
The air is full of scent and sound;
There's life and love and joy all round.

The birds and brooklets seem to say:—
" Rejoice. Be glad. 'Tis May. 'Tis May.
Let songs and sunshine fill each heart.
And dark despair and gloom depart.

" The grief of life should not last long;
The gloom of winter all has gone,
And given place to beauty bright.
Then why let grief shut out thy light ?

" Why fear and fret when nature gives
Its best to thee, of all that lives ?
Yield not to gloom. Like us be gay.
Make all thy life one happy May."

A CHILD'S BIRTH

Within a mother's arms was placed
A blue-eyed babe one day,
A life to make or mar was given,
And she must guide its way.

O task divine! O mother blessed!
Let not one fault of thine

Transform that mind of purity
That's made by love divine

And on that brow so white and pure,
Where angel kisses fell,
And in that heart, O mother, watch
That demons dare not dwell.

'Tis God alone can know the thoughts
That rule that infant mind,
What impulse moves its every act,
Of cruel deeds, or kind;

What to the world its life shall give
Of sorrow or of mirth;
'Tis He alone can truly tell
The issues of its birth.

To thee is given to guide and guard
Its life, true, loving, pure;
Then watch thy work, O mother, well;
Thy teachings shall endure.

THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE

The highways and byways are blooming and bright;
Earth's roses are blowing o'er dale and o'er dell;
Their perfumes are carried on wings of the wind;
Each blossom is opening, each budlet will swell.

But soon comes the season when earth will be brown,
Each flower will fade and each petal will fall,

For God made no season to last the year round,
But each hath its glory and beauty for all.

The highway of life can be blooming and bright
If we will but nourish love's roses so sweet;
If we will but scatter kind words and sweet smiles,
Thus brightening the pathway for many tired feet.

Alas! On some highways are trampled and torn
The blossoms that might have been blooming so fair
Had selfishness, envy, deceit, and distrust,
Been thwarted, not nourished and given most care,

Thus crowding and crushing out tenderer plants
Whose seeds God hath sown in each young childish
heart.

E'en weeds hath their blossoms and beauty therein,
If we will but seek for the beauty apart,

And no life so saddened but still hath some joy
If we will but shut from our minds all the grief,
And share with the world the few blessings we have;
Those pleasures will grow, to thy heart give relief.

Then seek for the sunshine that blossoms may bloom
And brighten thy pathway that others might see,
And seeing, do likewise. Were each pathway dark
A dreary and desolate world this would be.

We make of this life what we wish, you and I,
It rests with each one to make his own road bright,
To give of his gloom, or to share of his joy,
And each full of sunshine, the whole will be right.

Breathe blessings of brightness; give no room for
grief;
Leave self to thy Maker; make others thy care;
Make not of life's highway a barren waste brown,
But give of love's roses, rich, radiant, and rare.

QUESTION

When the heart is aching for kindness
And the lips are wanting a kiss,
And the empty hands waiting a pressure
Of true love that daily you miss,
Is it wrong, tho' bound to another,
Whose heart is colder than snow,
Is it wrong to accept the caresses
Of a friend who grieves for you so?

IF YOU WERE I

If you were I, you would not need
To sit with pen and think and scratch;
You would not burn the midnight oil
And toil such simple rhymes to hatch.

If you were I you would not sit
At home alone, with time-worn books,
Or leave companions blithe and gay
To search among historic nooks.

If I were you, and your wealth mine,
With artist's brush and author's pen

I'd roam the wide world far and near
And treasure rich bring to my den.

If I were you, what would I care
For women's wiles and men's light talk,
When I could roam o'er nature bright,
Through woods and wilds could gaily walk.

If you were I and I were you,—
But this, alas, can never be;
So you must do what you think right,
And I, what seems the best for me.

WEARY

I am so tired; from life's battles would rest;
Tired of the conflict that daily we wage;
Tired of the path that I trod, slow and lone;
Tired of life's lessons I read page by page.

What tho' the path of life leads up to fame?
Life might be sweet could Fame come to us now;
Fame comes with death, during life 'tis refused;
What tho' the laurel shall deck my dead brow?

Death means no mem'ry of misery here born;
Life's greed and gain do we leave far behind;
Cold, cruel critics of life hurt no more;
Death is a friend, for to all death is kind.

Then in our cold, clammy hands will be flowers;
Over our bier words of praise we hear not;
Tears of sweet tenderness then will be shed;
Tenderness that in life's battles we sought.

Kisses and flowers in life might mean much;
But they mean naught to a cold icy brow;
Why need it be that this love shows so late?
Could not those kind words be given us now?

When we are worn with life's trials and tears
Then is when friendship is valued most dear;
Words of true sympathy banish the gloom;
Yet 'tis the harsh cunning sneers that we hear.

Weary, not falt'ring, my tired, wayworn feet;
Soon to the world will I be but a name;
Death is but rest, and to me rest is sweet;
Shadows of night fell ere morning joys came.

Burdens are heavy for one heart to bear;
God's hand is leading, and yet sad my soul;
Bitter the cup that I pressed to my lips;
Patiently quaffed I the contents, the whole.

Hours are passing; I plod on alone.
Fainting, not falt'ring, I go to life's end;
Willing to give up the burden long borne;
Weary and waiting, my tears and smiles blend.

Place o'er my grave neither flowers nor tears.
Give to the living of flowers the best.
When all has ended and life's journey done,
Write on my tombstone but this: "She's at rest."

YOU

The night draws nigh; then I am free;
Altho' you know to him I'm true;
Yet when the earth is still in sleep
My thoughts, sweet friend, are e'er of you.

In dreams I see you at my side
While for my love again you sue;
Though all my heart and kisses, dear,
In dreams, I've always saved for you.

And, when from joyous sleep I wake
To greet the one I love so true,
The bitter tears fall fast and thick,
For, dear, 'tis he, I wanted you.

The rains are beating all around;
I hear naught save the night wind moan;
My heart throbs sadly for, sweetheart,
I wanted you, yet I'm alone.

We twain, dear love, could not be one,
Yet I, in secret, have been true;
And when this weary life be o'er,
In heaven, my love, I'll meet with you.

MY FATHER

Alone thou goest.
No guiding hand to lead thy steps,
As on thy darkened way thou'lt go
To where — oh, whither? Dost thou know?
Will fate protect thee from all harm?

Alone art thou.
Yet not alone, my father dear,
My love goes with thee all the way,
And every step of thine, I pray,
May lead thee safely back to me.

In God I trust,
That He'll protect thy wand'ring steps.
For He hath taken from thee light
And made thy life one long, long night.
Yet He, a God of Love, will lead.

IS IT WORTH WHILE

Is it worth while the strife we make,
To win a rich man's crown?
Shall these few fleeting years of life
Be lived but for renown?

Is it worth while since life is short
To live it all in vain,
Deny ourselves all joy and rest
For wealth that we would gain?

NIGHT

The drowsy day has gone to sleep
And night, with her thousand eyes,
Keeps watch and ward o'er nature tired,
The owl looks solemn and wise.

The weary man snores in his sleep;
The children forget their woes;
The mother resting from her cares,
Which none but motherhood knows.

The moon is hid by passing clouds;
The shadows flit to and fro;
The sparkling stars doth lend their light;
O'er all the night winds doth blow.

The barking of a lonely dog
Was heard far up on the hill;
But he to his kennel creeps,
O'er nature now all is still.

AUTUMN

The trees' first freshness all has gone;
The autumn now has come at last;
And summer, with its drowsy days,
Is but a mem'ry of the past.

The wood and wild slow changed to brown;
The glad some green gave place to gold;
The golden grain is thrashed and ground
And soon, in bread, the wife will mould.

The rustling reed says autumn's here;
The falling fruits are gathered in;
The smell of cider fills the air;
Potatoes now are in their bin.

The birds are singing their farewell;
The brown leaves cuddle near earth's breast;
And there they hide their colors bright
In mead and moor, and welcome rest.

We watch the sapphire walls of heaven
That we might see the first snow cloud;
For autumn's birth does not bring death,
And winter's sheet is not a shroud

Of ghastly glimmer o'er the earth,
But 'tis a covering fitly white,
To warm old nature's heart the while,
And hide earth's sleep from cold and light.

The sleep that heralds hope of spring;
Each drowsy day must have its rest,
And weary man must sleep to live,
And nature knows that this is best.

And so when leaves begin to fall
And red and gold gives place to brown,
And corn and wheat fields bare their breasts,
And fruits and nuts have fallen down,

Rejoice that nature hath its rest.
What old earth gave it takes once more
Unto its breast, to nourish well
Till winter's snowy reign is o'er.

LOVE'S LIFE IS SHORT

In youth's fair morn, when life is young,
And darkened not by life's despair,
Our hopes are built upon the sands,
And to our eyes the world is fair.

In love's first path are roses red;
But roses wilt and fade and die,
Then what their charm? Do paths for some
'Midst everlasting roses lie?

Or does love's charm last but a day,
Then, dying, leave a heart to weep
For what has been, for false hopes fled,
For hopes the heart has failed to keep?

Love's life is short; when once 'tis over
Like roses picked, it quickly dies.
When love to love by law is bound
The charm is lost, and love oft flies.

DAYS OF THE PAST

The dear old days, hast thou forgot
When thou and I were sweethearts true,
When life held naught save joy and hope,
And all my love was given to you?

How oft we wandered to the bridge
That crossed the stream so near the town,
And hand in hand we stood and watched
The little ripples floating down.

And like those waves our hopes fled on
To coming years when we'd be wed;
Alas! We saw nor grief nor care,
Nor dreamed of tears that now we shed.

The mem'ry of those days long gone
Doth fill my heart with sad despair;
Alone we sit. Why did love die?
Alas we planned the future fair.

Oh, could we live those days again
And stand once more beside the stream
I fain would die with thee, my love,
Then live to find we did but dream

That life for us would be most joy,
Then wake to find that love hath died
And thou and I are twain again,
And we love's legal bonds defied.

We twain have lived the half of life,
So swift its cycles come and go;
But naught can dim the happy past
Those happy days of long ago.

DREAM IN AUTUMN

As having nothing else to do
And being just a little blue
I thought that I would take a row
In my new boat, a mile or so.

While gliding calmy, smoothly o'er,
And glancing now from shore to shore,
I found the beauty of the eve
Was too enticing soon to leave.

The trees were tinged with rainbow tints
As if to give me gentle hints
That winter soon her garb would lend
And over all its beauty send.

The wind blew softly o'er the earth
That was so lately filled with mirth;
The glowing, glimmering stars so bright
Gave now to nature's breast their light.

The moonbeams softly fell around
And kissed Dame Earth; tho' not a sound,
Save now and then a twittering bird,
If you would listen, could be heard.

While harkening to these sounds so sweet,
I heard the sound of tiny feet;
And turning partly round behold!
There were four little elfins bold.

The youngest one was tall and white,
With garb of green and blossoms bright;
A large white cloak was round her thrown;
With folded hands she stood alone.

I gazed upon the children four
As they stood there upon the shore;
Then, as my boat much nearer drew,
I asked of one: "Pray, who are you?"

She glanced at me and sweetly smiled:
" Oh, I am mother's eldest child.
My name is Winter, and I come
From far and near, to every home."

I said to her: " Why do you roam
And why go thus to every home?"
She paused awhile, I knew not why,
And then she gave me this reply:

" I cover all the earth with white,
E'en tho' my frosts your flowers blight;
I bring, instead of window screens,
Artistic pictures, lovely scenes.

And when, beside your log fire's blaze,
You sit with pensive eyes and gaze,
I know that you are glad I came
As by the fire you dream of fame.

For there are nuts to crack and eat,
And home-made candy good and sweet;
Perhaps you make some buttered toast,
Or, in the oven, apples roast.

When Uncle Santa Claus comes round
Your homes with all good things abound,
And smiles are on each happy face,
For joy illumines every place.

But soon my labors are all o'er;
And when Spring comes I stay no more,
But to another place I go,
Tho' I return again, you know."

“ And what’s your name, my pretty maid ?”
Unto the next, who smiled and said:
“ My mother always calls me Spring.”
“ Why go you round and what to bring ?”

“ I come to bring new life to all,
And from the south the birds I call;
And as they flit from tree to tree,
They sing their songs for you and me.

And all their voices, loud and clear,
Proclaim the news that I am here;
The wind and rain and sleet and snow
At my approach quite quickly go.

The wind and trees together talk;
The lad and lass together walk
O’er meadow grass so thick and green.
That all are happy can be seen.

Fair Nature’s face is all aglow.
The flowers bloom as white as snow;
The pansies now, by rain and dews,
Have gathered all their dainty hues.

The forest flowers, pink and white,
Bedeck the woods with verdure bright;
While dandelions dot each field,
And to Dame Nature beauty yield.

I stay not long, for sister dear
Comes to me soon; ’tis this one here.
Now, sister, tell him all you do;
He’ll like to hear and talk with you.”

" Oh, I am mamma's lazy elf.
I like to lie and rest myself.
I let the people do the same,—
I think you'll soon find out my name.

The workmen love the sunny hours
When they can lie 'neath shady bowers;
And when from care and work of day
They gladly turn and go away.

O'er all the earth my silence comes
Unbroken, save where water runs
And trickles, as it gently flows
To where the sea wind ever blows.

The sun sends down its scorching rays
That only come in Summer days.
You wander near the tranquil lake,
And nothing but a hammock take.

And as you idly rest and swing,
Forgetful then of everything,
You hear the evening church bells ring,
And holy thoughts to you they bring.

You thank God for His watchful care
Which has been round you everywhere,
In every age, in every clime,—
You thank Him then for Summer time."

Yet one more sister have you there
Who is so bright and yet so fair.
I ask you, dear, to tell me true
How long you stay and who are you."

Then wilt thou miss a wife's true love
That might have lived "till death do part";
The wanton's passion and embrace
Cannot live long within thy heart.
Then worldly honor or renown,
With none to share, couldst thou enjoy?
Or, even tho' she bore thy name
(Who now is but thy wanton toy),

Would not the mem'ry of a wife
Who left thee, dim thy birth-born pride,
And ever stand, a specter grim
Between thee and a sin-bought bride?
Perhaps thou sayest what is true:
No bride of thine she e'er will be;
Yet more thy shame in knowing this,
Aye, more the shame for her and thee.

Had honor died not in thy breast
Thou couldst not coldly stand and say:
"I still love thee, I love not her,
And time will prove thee this some day."
And know thou not the child I gave
Will sometimes turn thy thoughts to me,
Although ambition's selfish claim
Is dear and much desired by thee?

Remember this: that through her veins
Doth course thy blood; and that her heart
In future years will need thy love.
Then what will take her father's part?
Her life and mine, too strongly bound
For aught to sever us in twain.

Thou shouldst have been the third pure link
For her sweet sake, if not for mine.

And when a father's love she asks
Of me, and where he is and what,
Thinkst thou the task an easy one
To make reply, when I know not?
And tho' to her no word I say,
Less tender tongues will tell the tale
Of wifehood scorned by thy neglect,
Because thy choice — a wanton pale.

Canst thou not feel, dost thou not know
My child and thine will share thy shame?
E'en tho' 'twere miles 'tween thee and her,
For through Time's flight she bears thy name.
E'en tho' thy love for sin was great,
Could not her kiss and childish smile
Forever be thy one safeguard,
And save thee from the wanton's guile?

Remember this: since sinful lust
Hath rudely torn thee from my heart,
I still can love thy child and mine,
Tho' we and thou forever part.
While thou and she who lured thee on
With sinful ways, together live,
Thy child and I will watch and wait
What fortune brings and fate shall give.

And so we leave. No legal tie,
No words of love, or tears, regret,
Can bind me longer to thy life.
Much better 'twere had we not met.

Seek not to follow. Go thy way,
Our path and thine no longer one.
A baby voice is calling me,
I drop my pen; my writing's done.

NATURE AND LIFE

When nature shows her dainty hues,
And grass is green and lilies bloom,
When blushing roses burst their buds,
And flowers waft their sweet perfume,
'Tis springtime.

But when the flowers fade and fall,
And towering trees grow bare and brown,
And summer birds seek southern homes,
And in heaven's blue the clouds doth frown,
'Tis autumn.

When hearts beat quick and eyes are bright,
When joy bedecks with smiles the face,
When cheeks are beds of rose tints rare,
And in the face no grief we trace
'Tis youth.

But when the golden locks grow gray,
And forms erect are bowed and bent,
And dimples lengthen into lines,
Which time and grief have slowly sent,
'Tis age.

EIGHT AND FIFTY

In the midst of loved ones gathered
Round thy festal board to-day,
May these lines, a true friend's tribute,
Chance to fall within thy way.

Many years hath been thy portion,
Eight and fifty summers now;
Many more we hope thy measure
Ere death's hand shall touch thy brow.

Threads of silver crown thy forehead
Where Time's touch hath left its trace,
Not disfiguring, but adding
To the halo in thy face.

And thy form, erect and manly,
Still retains its youthful sway,
Ne'er revealing eight and fifty
Years hath crowned thy life to-day.

Many more we hope thy measure,
Filled with good and joy and health
And true friends beyond thy counting.
And this granted, thou hast wealth,

Wealth more real than gold and silver
Which can flee on agile wings;
But true friendship is a treasure
Of more worth than other things.

So to-day we bring our wishes
For earth's best to be thy share
In the future; may Heaven's welcome
Greet thee after, is our prayer.

LOVE TOO LATE

When the lips have yielded promise
And the heart would fain be true,
Then the best that is within us
Strives for truth and virtue too;
But if love should force the fetters
And, unseen, should flee away
To a heart that went to seek it,
Should the head and lips say nay ?

When we know that something in us
Yearning, clings to that it met,
When the sleeping pulses quiver
With a hope, a vain regret,
When the briny tears drop slowly
For the love that came "too late,"
Heaven help the hearts that sadly
Bid farewell and weep at fate.

How our love was born we knew not;
'Twas full fledged ere it was known,
And it lodged within our hearts, dear,
Ere we gave it hearth and home;
Tho' I knew it were disloyal,
And I strove to send it way,
Still my heart and troth agreed not;
Secretly my heart said "stay."

Dear, when Time hath torn asunder
Hearts that might have beat as one
(Had they met ere troth was plighted
To the first, who promise won),
Will their souls still hold communion
Pure and true, tho' miles divide?
Will the "might have been" unite them,
One a husband, one a bride?

THE CLOCK TICKS LOUD

There are times when life is nothing
More than eat and drink and sleep;
When a newborn hope is dying
Which we bury dark and deep;
And we turn, with falt'ring footsteps,
From the grave that holds the shroud,
To our lonely, loveless hearthstone,
Where the clock ticks loud.

When the stream of life is sluggish,
And we move because we must,
E'en our friends seem false and fickle,
And we shun them with distrust;
And the days seem weeks of waiting,
For the sun of joy; a cloud
Now hath hidden hope, ambition;
And the clock ticks loud.

But our friends are pushing onward,
Through discouragement and grief;
And we scorn to sit so listless,
And our lethargy grows brief.

So once more we take new spirit,
Thankful for our gifts endowed,
And the world seems once more cheerful,
While the clock ticks loud.

But we linger not to hear it,
For we join the moving throng
That is rushing, crushing, onward,
For life's stream is swift and strong.
And ambition grows within us
While we march to vict'ry, proud,
And our life seems nobler, grander,
And the clock ticks loud.

REBEKAH MEMORIAL

As we gather here in greeting,
There are those we would recall
To our minds, tho' ne'er forgotten,
With love's sweet memorial.

They, as we, enjoyed life's blessings;
Took its godsend and its griefs,
Both in meek and Christian spirit,
Knowing life for all is brief.

Sweetest truths from sorrow gleaned;
Taking bitter with the sweet;
Knowing both are for advancement,
Upward steps for weary feet.

On their brows Time's touch fell lightly,
Tho' their years had reached the score;
Silver threads had met with dark ones;
Aye, the silver strands were more.

Still their hearts were young and blithesome
Beating e'er with love and youth;
And the thoughts that made their hearts throb,
Were of friendship, love, and truth.

As we see their places vacant
In the ranks they loved so well,
Do the briny tears drop slowly,
And our grief we sadly tell.

While we miss we should not mourn them;
Where they are we soon shall go;
And in Heaven the link that binds us
Shall be love without one foe.

So we leave our love's memorial
Knowing, feeling, all is best;
And that when this life is over
We shall join them, all at rest.

MERCENARY LINK

Can wealth alone give to thine heart
The joy of life thou cravest, dear,
When thou dost give thy name alone,
While o'er past love doth drop a tear?
Will gloss of gold and glare of wealth
Reward thy life, and give thee peace,
And rest and love? O friend, beware!
Thy heart will often ask release

From bondage, that thou dost accept,
And long for days of "auld Lang Syne,"

The days when thou wert free, and loved
The one whose heart is ever thine.
When bound to her who'll share thy name,
And that alone (thou gave not all),
Will not thy heart long for the days,
The days then dead beyond recall ?

For like a caged, prisoned bird,
Thy thoughts will sometimes seek the past,
And mourn the buried hopes and love,—
The love then cherished, that it's past.
Not Time itself can e'er conceal
That world-hid hope, tho' in its shroud,
And o'er thy passive, loveless life
Will mem'ry flit,— e'en like a cloud

That darkens earth and hides the sun
And floats o'er heaven's blue, and leaves
But gray and gloom, and gives to earth
No drop of rain,— yet deep it grieves
The heart that, bound, strives to be true;
The heart that fain would have forgot
That past, that hope, that dead (?) love's claim
In newer ties through Mammon sought.

THINE

Not for its value do I send thee this,
But as love's token to him whom I miss.
Long are the hours and sad is each day;
Lonely my life, dear, when thou art away.

Absence prolonged doth breed grief in my heart,
Then haste thee back, so love's fears will depart.
Hearts that with fears and love's doubts must long
ache

Are the more surely, tho' slow, doomed to break.

Life is but sad when the heart mourns its mate,
When torn asunder each grieves for its fate.
Life is so short that it should not be lone,
And to each heart the best place should be home.

Darling, I miss thee by day and by night;
Naught save thy coming can make my heart light.
Patience and love will e'er bind me to thee;
And with my loved one my thoughts will e'er be.

Life without thee is but one dreary dream,
Hope of thy coming my one happy gleam.
Daily I meet with the world's surging throng,
Yet life is lonely when thou art gone long.

So with this token do I send my all,
Trusting my heart to thee, gone past recall;
Nay, I'd not ask it more, love, had I power,
But that my life might be near thee each hour.

Through all the daylight hours I wait for thee,
Aye, e'en in dreams, love, I'm hoping to see,
E'er many moons pass by, thee, who hast brought
Heaven to me, all the heaven I sought.

Teach me thy patience, love, for the day's long;
Tho' the birds sing, what care I for their song,
When I must list alone, thou far away;
So hasten back to me, sweetheart, I pray.

LOVE'S MEMORIAL

Fate bore her where we could not see or hear,
And wrapped her in the robe of dreaded death.
And yet, methinks, I would not call her dead,
Altho' you say no sight has she or breath

Of which we know. And tho' we think we're wise,
None knoweth that beyond the grave. And she
May know and see our heart ache and our grief,
The tears that down our cheeks are flowing free

And leave their briny traces. She may know
The solitude that reigns within each heart
That joins our saddened circle. But, if so,
She knows the love that makes the teardrops start.

And so I say she is not dead, but sleeps,
And from life's turmoil now she is at rest.
She passed the darkened shade that but divides
Our world and hers. She is, in passing, blest.

Her slumb'ring rest hath taken much from us,
And yet that rest cannot take all you see;
For mem'ry lives. So, Death, where is thy sting,
E'en tho' thou comest with thy dire decree?

And day by day we all will miss the smile
That gave us daily greeting; long the time
Will seem to these, her dear ones, now bereft;
And hard to say: "Thy will be done, not mine."

Yet, tho' her resting place is not afar
(Beneath the fragrant flowers she was laid),
We know that He, who gave, but placed the gift
Within the home His love and mercy made.

And there will cherish more than we could do
And when 'tis best will reunite once more.
So let this comfort those whose hearts now mourn;
The angel daughter waits thee when life's o'er.

TO ———

Thy soul met mine ere glances met,
And worthy, claimed my homage, dear,
And tho' 'twere miles 'tween thee and me
In thought thou ever hast been near.

I felt the hand clasp of a friend
While looking in thine eyes so blue,
And saw true worth within those depths
And all my soul acknowledged true.

I felt a sudden, secret doubt
Lest, in the conflict, head with heart,
The goddess, Love, would victor be,
And all my boasted will depart.

"To like," a lesson easy learned;
To still this growing love the task,
Or, greater still, to envy not
The one whose love and life were asked;

The one whose soul must meet with thine;
The one, who being dear to thee,
To me shouldst also claim a bond
Because, dear friend, I care for thee.

My friendship false and selfish too
If, growing, it should take from thee
One single joy thy heart doth crave,
To give affection unto me.

Thy kind " God bless " do I repeat,
And may thy blessings doubled be;
And may whoever bears thy name
Be pure and worthy, dear, of thee.

CUPID'S MISSION

Run, little Cupid, and tell to heart so true
Brown eyes are waiting to look in eyes of blue;
Lovelorn and lonely, and longing for a kiss,
Go, Cupid, tell him that I am waiting this.

Say, little Cupid, that watching eyes grow dim,
That, morn and evening, I wait and watch for him.
Bring back, O Cupid, my best beloved, I pray,
Naught gives me pleasure while he doth from me
stray.

Stars up in heaven are dimming in their light,
Since lone I watch them and watch for him each
night.
Birds sing in minor their songs for me to-day,
Songs that I hear not since he must be away.

Brown eyes will brighten and gleam with love's
own light
When his dear presence shall once more greet my
sight.
Red lips are waiting to meet him with love's sign
When I can welcome that dear sweetheart of mine.

A WOMAN'S WAIL

" The same old dishes to wash each day,
Same beds to make and bills to pay;
Each week I bake and scrub the floor,—
Life's tasks are changeless and never o'er."

So moaned a woman, with toilworn hands,
Whose once black hair was silver strands;
Between the eyes was aged and curved,
The sign of fretting the while she served.

She never paused in her life's great work
To hunt the joy; she feared to shirk
The tasks life gave; so day by day
She toiled and fretted the hours away.

She looked not upward at stars that shine
To light her pathway and yours and mine;
She never dreamed their pathway made
One glorious ring as round they strayed

To light this weary and darkened sphere
The while the sunshine is not near.
She listened not to tides that flow
Nor birds of springtime that come and go.

The clouds give forth to the meadow green
The moisture they but claim again,
The water which makes pregnant ground,
The force which turns all the millwheels round.

The water flows to the ocean wide,
The air then claims it as his bride,—
The wedding trip to clouds above,
Once more to start on its path of love.

In life no labor is useless done;
Not round, but spiral, the paths we run;
Each task leads up, tho' seems the same,
Our hearts, not duties, are but to blame

In that each duty is seen as such,—
Not done with love's own kindly touch;
For tasks are toil when done in dread
And tire the heart and hands and head.

But when the coffin must bear away
The ones we work for day by day,
How gladly then our toil we'd give,
Could they, our loved ones, once more live.

Tho' tasks are done in the same old way,
Same dishes washed three times a day,
Each dish but feeds an angel here,
If love but lightens our tasks from fear.

Each loaf we make helps to mould the world;
Let patience be our flag unfurled;
By oft retreading feet grow strong,
Tho' tired are we and our days seem long.

FAITH

The streamlet to the river flows,
The rushing river seeks the sea;
And creek and stream and river broad
Reveals God's love for you and me.

No mountain high, nor tower of rock,
Can bar their onward mighty course,
So great a factor is God's love,
An ever present flowing force.

Nor stops the raindrop as it falls
To say: "I may not find the deep,
And so, methinks, I'll safe remain;
Within my cloud home will I keep."

Each man is as a single drop
In this great onward stream of life,
Each drop helps make or darken all,
Each man a force in this great strife.

No sin so great, no power so strong,
That it can turn life's stream away
From its great ocean of God's love;
However sinful, none can stray.

Some streams flow on in winding ways
Beyond our sight, we know not where;
But could we seek the ocean's deep,
Behold, the winding streams are there!

And tho' life's stream be fair or foul,
Or sinks to depths beyond the dust,
That all shall reach God's haven at last,
We know not, but we'll trust, we'll trust.

IN KALAMAZOO CEMETERY

I stand alone; God's blue above;
Around me sleep the silent dead;
The sunbeams fall on each alike,
The cold white marble at each head.

And some clear cut, some dimmed with time,
Their names engraven on each stone,
That men might trace their resting place.
Of breathing mortals, I, alone.

How short is life! And soon will I
In slumber rest, and at my head
In tall, majestic silence stand
A carved white stone to mark my bed.

When men shall see my chiseled name
I wonder will they pause to say,
"A pleasant word and kindly smile
She gave to all who passed her way."

Could this be true 'twere not in vain
I tried to live my simple creed
Of giving joy, concealing grief,
And helping those who are in need.

No church book holds, on pages fair,
My name; and yet I ever tried
To live my creed — the Golden Rule —
And all the narrow creeds defied.

Be this my passport when I go —
None other Christ would ask of me,
That in my earnest way I tried
And, being human, failed to be

All that I wished; and yet what man
With great ambition reached the height
To which he ever strived to climb,
E'en tho' he kept the goal in sight.

And so, when in my narrow bed,
They place me for my final rest,
Carve but these words upon my tomb:
"She ever tried to do her best."

IN MEMORIAM, SUPT. W. W. ROSS

Just this simple lay we bring
In our sorrow; tho' 'tis brief
It may tell to those he loved
(And must leave awhile) our grief.

Softly tread the children's feet;
Lowly bows each teacher's head;
Sadly speaks each one to-day,
For our faithful friend is dead.

Noble, generous, great of heart;
Rich or poor, alike to him;
Sweet siesta has he earned;
Did life's duties with a vim.

Aye, a rest he truly earned;
Never wearied he while here;
Bore his burdens, yet gave all
Pleasant smiles and words of cheer.

So we bring him fragrant flowers
While our tears fall thick and fast;
And with laurels linked with love,
Do we crown the life now past.

In the many saddened hearts
That surround his bier to-day
Is revealed a noble life,
And we all love's tribute pay.

Close his eyes; his work is done;
Lay the roses on his breast;
Thankful all that he has lived,
Beloved friend, sweet be thy rest.

A CALM SEA

The sunbeams, tinged with ruby's glow,
Dance o'er the white-capped foam,
And up and down, o'er bounding waves,
The boats are sailing home.

The ships return with human hopes,
And human woes to me;
The white-winged yachts float far away
Upon the salty sea.

Along the shore the children play
With bright and sparkling eyes;
The sight and sound of boundless sea
But add to their surprise.

And as the roaring, rushing waves
Are dashed against the rocks,
The spray leaps farther to the shore
And dampens little frocks.

The children laugh with childish glee,
Nor fear those waters wild;
Alas, that seamen cannot have
Such faith as has the child!

But more than once have older hearts
In fear watched angry waves
Toss stalwart men and women frail,
Like babes, to wat'ry graves.

And so, as fear-free children play
Among the sifted sand,
The elders watch incoming boats
That now are nearing land.

Nor need to fear the treacherous waves
That, for to-day, are kind;
For skies are blue, no clouds are seen,
And silent sleeps the wind.

A LIFE LONGING

What care I if when I am gone
Fame gives the laurel won,
If I must strive and never hear
No pæan of praise, not one;
Or never know my efforts gave
To other lives relief,
Or that my words reached saddened hearts
And eased their burdened grief.

A loveless life, an honored death,—
To me what value this,
(Save for the ones that call me friend),
All love and praise I miss.
When in my casket I am laid
What care I what I hold
If while I live I never feel
Love's arms around me fold.

In death I care not if my brow
Is decked with lilies white,
If while I live my life must be
One lonely, loveless night.
In death I care not if my hands
Hold roses sweet or rue;
But while I live I want, I crave,
Love's kisses pure and true.

When closed lips can answer not,
What care I for a kiss,
If all through life I love in vain
And love's caress I miss?

Don't wait till death divides our lives
To show the love you bear;
Let every morn be love's sweet proof,
And every night love's prayer.

THE NEED OF THE WORLD

Oh, give us men,— not sluggish men
Who breathe and move each day,
And tread the path their fathers trod,
Nor seek a better way,
Who never sin, as we call " sin,"
Yet never upward soar,
But tread with aimless, listless feet
The same path o'er and o'er.

The world needs men of brain and brawn,
Who, aiming high, may sink,
Yet, dauntless, daring, rise again;
Who have great minds to think,
And thinking, lead the world above
To heights unseen, unknown,
And undiscovered, save for these
Great hearts thus proved and shown.

Oh, give us men who know the needs
Of hearts crushed with despair
And cannot go, but sink beneath
The burdens they must bear.
Aye, give us men, the manly men.
The world needs leaders true
To guide, uplift, encourage,
But few there are, so few.

LINES TO ———

I send my heart to thee, love, in my writing;
Naught do I keep from thee, naught but my name.
Angels may whisper my love while I'm dreaming,
Tho' in my dreams I am thine just the same.

“Why,” you may ask of me, “keep I my birth-
right,
Giving my love tho' retaining my life?
How could I love thee so truly, so dearly,
Yet, at the same time, refuse to be wife?”

Dear, I would have my love pure and unselfish,
Rather a blessing to thee than a blight,
For I look up to thee always, my hero,
Seeing in thee all that's good, brave, and right.

Were thou bound down to me all through life's
keeping,
Bearing my burdens as well as thine own,
Couldst thou soar upward to flights that thou
dreatest,
Couldst thou reach heights to which heroes have
flown?

Let me not come between thee and life's learning,
Let thy ambition and talents soar free;
Free to the God-given plane far above us,
Free to win laurels so fitting for thee.

DON'T CRY

Little girl with eyes of blue,
Why are they filled with child-grief dew ?
The coming years will bring thee this,
Then let thy childhood sorrow miss.

Wipe away all signs of grief;
Thy tears will bring thee no relief;
To weep dims eyes and dulls the brain,
And childhood days come not again.

Cease thy grief and save thy tears
To ease the ache of sadder years;
For thou wilt drink of grief thy share;
The coming years are not all fair.

Life brings roses; death brings rest;
And I oft question which is best
When we must turn the page of youth,
Experience brings life's bitter truth.

Life brings rue; grief comes with years;
For there are none who shed no tears
As they tread o'er life's rugged road;
And every one must bear his load.

Thou art young; no need for thee
To dim thine eyes with misery;
We soon can mend thy broken toy,
So shun all grief and seek for joy.

Little girl, with eyes of blue,
Oh, listen what I tell to you:
Just sing and smile and play to-day;
For thee 'twill not be always May.

TO A FRIEND IN CHICAGO

Art thou alone in that city so great?
There greed strives with gold in the duel with sin;
There beings are hustled and bartered for gain
While heroes are striving a vict'ry to win.

There friends and there foes are all crowded and
crushed,
And men with the millions,— they only have room;
There children are born in the mansions so fine;
The birthright of others is sorrow and gloom.

There man can scarce walk in the dim, dusky hours
Without some stray tempter will seek to allure;
And few are the men, when sin seeks them so free,
So strong that they yield not and brave to keep pure.

Where women with black negro faces drag down
In Hell's grasp to hold and degrade the white man;
And women's fair features, Caucasian in hue,
Are waiting their paramours — men from Japan.

And women, alone, needing clothing and food,
With room rent to pay and their salary small,—
How great the temptation to be led astray
Where rest and fine clothing will welcome their fall.

And wise is the woman who sees beyond this
And knows that sin's entrance is not as sin's end;
That misery, penury, hate, and disgrace,
Will be but the outcome, with none to defend.

And yet for the outcast are wide-open doors,
And sisters of mercy to welcome them in,
And give them a " godspeed " in life's upward road
If they will but turn from the pathway of sin.

And with this brave army of women and men
(All seeking to save and reclaim the downcast),
I find thee, my friend, and rejoice thou art there,
And know God, who guards, will reward thee at last.

Oh, happy the man who hath mission like this,—
To bring sinful hearts to the Master's great fold,
To bring light and love to the sin-sodden soul,
To gather the wayward from out of the cold.

Lo, many the traitors to baffle thee there,
And many the hell-holes to fight and defy;
But greater the effort, the brighter the crown
The victors will wear in the sweet by and by.

ONE WOMAN'S REPENTANCE

Once on a time, not long ago,
A brave and noble woman fell;
She gave her heart, her trust, her all,
To him she loved, alas, too well!

"To err is human." Heaven is love,
And she, a woman, loving, fell.
And yet 'twas women that condemned
And each to each that sin would tell.

Save this one sin, her life was good;
She ever thought of others' woe;
Her gentle touch soothed aching heads;
She cheered each heart where'er she'd go.

Upon no church book was her name;
Her creed was Christ; His love, His life
Was her example; and she tried
To live her creed in this world's strife.

The years passed by. Her love redeemed
Her one false step. Through sin she rose
To heights above her scorning friends,
And mercy follows where she goes.

And him she loved unwisely, well,
He came and claimed her as his bride;
And in their chosen work of love
Has strengthened, helped, both side by side.

Their mission this: redeeming souls
That sinned through love and, sinning, fell,
And, falling far, care not to rise,
E'en tho' the end they know full well.

But with a loving, kindly grace,
She lifts them up and starts them anew
And cares for them; her kindly grasp
Keeps them in paths and makes them true.

And so her sin hath served its end.
Naught comes but hath a purpose pure,
If we but knew and seek its aim
And, patient, all our trials endure.

OUR SOLDIERS DEAD

Do you know what it means
When we talk of our dead ?
When we deck with the flag
Each lowly green bed ?

Ask the men who are bowed
By the burden of time;
Their reply may not be
Given in tune or in rhyme.

They may falter, perchance,
As they try to tell you,
But they failed not when clothed
In those garments of blue.

Saddened hearts beat in fear;
Kindred eyes filled with tears;
Yet no hand held men back
From those four blood-shed years.

Some returned; more were killed,
And the flag was their shroud,
As they lay pulseless, still,
'Midst the war-weary crowd.

But our slaves were all free,
And our country but one;
At an end was the strife,
And the war it was done,

And these heroes are ours;
On their graves do we lay
Our small tribute of love
Each Memorial Day.

TEACH MY DAUGHTER I AM DEAD

One evening, as the moonbeams shone in a dreary
room,
A man sat there in misery and gloom;
With trembling hand was writing upon a paper
white;
And this the mournful message he did write:

“Molly, dear, with sorrow I know I dare not plead
That you will forgive me, or my pleadings heed;
But now I ask this favor,” and then he dropped his
head,
“Teach our little daughter, teach her I am dead.”

His features drawn and haggard where sin had left
its trace;
The lamplight fell upon his pallid face;
And as he wrote the teardrops upon his cheeks fell
fast,
As mem'ry brought before him joys now past.

At last the moon had vanished behind the western
hill,
But at the dawn the man sat cold and still;
His pulseless hand was holding a pen in icy grasp;
To write these words had been his dying task:

"Molly, dear, with sorrow I know I dare not plead
That you will forgive me, or my pleadings heed;
But now I ask this favor," and then he dropped his
head,
"Teach our little daughter, teach her I am dead."

A BOY'S RECITATION

Dad's a lawyer and he's busy
All the time; that's what he said;
But my mother says he's crazy,
Nothin' but a rattlehead.
And when she has cooked her dinner
Steamin' hot and he's not there,
Then my mother says she's angry,
For he's loafin' round somewhere.

And she says: "We'll wait no longer;
He can eat his dinner cold;"
Then we both sit down together,
But she just sits there to scold,
Cause she knows I sit and listen
(Easy task while I can eat),
But my mother stops her scoldin'
When she hears the tread of feet.

When he enters she looks sour;
But she never says a word
Till he says: "I've been so busy
That the clock I never heard."
Then she says: "Now look here, Henry,
I've been told that oft before;
But I know you've been a sittin'
With the men down at the store."

Then she chases to the kitchen
And brings in his portion hot;
That's just like these crazy women,
Doin' what they said they'd not;
But my mother's heart is tender,
Tho' she scolds when dad is late,
Yet she has his dinner steamin'
When she says we will not wait.

HON. MATHIAS BROWN

Mathias Brown was, as a lad,
A nuisance to the folks in town;
With frizzled hair and eyes of brown,
And fishing for his fad.
With pole and line he'd sit all day;
And when compelled to go to school
Would disobey, break every rule;
For fun he sure would find some way.

His neighbors said: "Oh, he is bad;
He don't know nothin' else but lie;
His father works while he sits by;
A lazy, good-for-nothin' lad."

Mathias Brown just smiled; said he:
“ Now what’s the use to plow and spade,
And work so hard when brains were made;
I’ll fool you yet, now you just see.”

At last young Brown was sent away
To visit friends out in the West;
Ere long he wrote: “ I think it best
To live out here, and so I’ll stay.”
There, as a lawyer’s office boy,
He earned his daily board and bed;
Then great ambitions filled his head;
He said: “ I’ll be no lawyer’s toy.”

He set to work to win great power;
Gained friends, was later sent to be
Their man in Congress; soon was he
The man triumphant of the hour.
When neighbor Jones, who scorned him so,
Received his card and to his name
Was “ H-o-n ” — “ Is this the same
Mathias Brown I used to know ?

“ What trick is this he’s playin’ now
To have a printed card this like
To say he’s honest? Why I miss
The joke he’s tryin’ to play, I vow.”
But when young Brown walked in that day
To Jones’ home, and told the news,
“ To hoe and spade I did not choose,”
“ Well, well,” was all old Jones could say.

NELLIE LEE'S ANSWER

I have read thy lines of friendship,
Heard thy words so kind and true;
They have caused me joy and gladness,
For they came, dear friend, from you.

As you say we know no future
And perhaps 'tis for the best;
As we may fore'er be parted,
Soon in heaven be at rest.

This I know, our days of friendship
Have been very dear to me;
And in all the coming future
You will not forgotten be.

When you're far away from loved ones
In the future soon to be,
Will the "winds and birds and brooklets"
Cause you then to think of me?

When in other lands you wander
Far away o'er land and sea,
When you've formed new ties of friendship,
Will you still love Nellie Lee?

God in heaven alone has power
To control our wayward feet;
And it's by His love and goodness
We again may hope to meet.

But, dear friend, if " fate shall part us,"
Or on earth we meet no more,
When this earthly life is ended
We will meet on yonder shore.

Now farewell. May God who loves us
From all danger keep you free.
May the angels guide and guard you
Is the prayer of Nellie Lee.

AN IDEAL HOME

Our home shall be a haven of love
When we are settled down in life,
And you will never from me roam
And I will be your loving wife.

Then every morning when we wake
I'll have a loving kiss for you,
The kiss that lasts and makes life sweet
Is from the wife that's ever true.

My heart shall listen when you tell
That I have been your joy in life.
Your eyes shall shine with secret pride
Whenever you shall say " my wife."

The brightest room in all our house
I'll make for you a cosy den.
And every night when you are tired
I'll read to you and love you then.

Sometimes I'll nestle at your side
And tell you all I've read that day,
Or else I'll tell you some remark
Of praise of you to make you gay.

Your words of love will be to me
What rain and sunshine are to flowers;
Oft tell me that you love me, dear,
'Twill cause me bright and happy hours.

Then all my many faults shall be
Corrected by your tender love;
My face to you shall be most fair
On earth below or heaven above.

And when the trials of life are great
I'll cheer and help you all I can;
For then you know your griefs will be
Not only yours, but yours and mine.

My eyes shall ever tell to you
What oft to me your lips have told;
And I will then so happy be
I would not change my place for gold.

And you shall be my pride and joy
And I your loving, happy bride;
Your heart an ocean wide shall be,
I'll launch my all upon its tide.

ONCE BLIND

I am sitting by the old weeping willow
And am longing now, my darling one, for thee;
I am weeping as I sit here so lonely
And I wish that you could be here now with me.

Oh, I'm weeping now so lonely, Nellie, darling,
And I sigh to hear your loving voice once more;
For the world seems dark and dreary all around me,
And I fain would wish this weary life was o'er.

I am praying now for strength, Nellie, darling,
Strength to bear what fate shall grant till life be past;
Ask in Jesus' name and trust, 'twill be granted,
In this promise now I cling so firm and fast.

I am weeping now no more, my Nellie, darling,
But am trusting in His promise good and true,
And the words that now I long to hear you whisper
Are but these, dear one, I'm praying now for you.

OH, I LOVES YOU, 'DEED I DO

When the world seems dark and dreary,
And the sun has ceased to shine,
And the gloom is settling o'er you,
As you see your hopes decline,
Then you almost feel like sinking
'Neath the load that's tiring you,
Till you hear a childish whisper,
"Oh, I loves you, 'deed I do."

Then two little arms fold round you;
And two blue eyes meet your own;
And two little feet climb lapward,—
“Mamma, dear, I’s dis tum home;
I’s been playin’ wif my dolly,
But I’s tired; I wanted you”
(And the little lips come closer),
“Oh, I loves you, ’deed I do.”

Childhood trust dispels the sorrow;
Baby lips kiss grief away;
How could eyes be filled with teardrops?
“Tears dit in the baby’s way.”
So you wipe away the grief-signs,
As you look in eyes of blue;
Then the baby, laughing, whispers,
“Oh, I loves you, ’deed I do.”

May this childish faith ne’er waver;
Clasp and keep that love your own
Let not grief, nor acts unworthy,
Kill the fruit of good seeds sown.
Oh, may heaven keep you worthy
Of this child’s love, pure and true;
May her words e’er cheer your pathway;
“Oh, I loves you, ’deed I do.”

TO KATY

Last night as I lay on my pillow
My thoughts were all of thee;
My heart grew sad; I wondered
Will she be true to me.

We cannot always be together
Though 'tis our wish to be;
For other ties more binding
May take you far from me.

And so I wondered if you ever
Would then still think of me
Who now, in loving friendship,
Will send these lines to thee.

We both may have our times of sorrow
And both have trials to bear;
But God, a loving Father,
Will all our burdens share.

Though rocks and rills may soon divide us
Our hearts can still be true;
Our lips may meet no more, dear,
Yet still I'll love but you.

Now may the angels sweetly guide us
All through this life of care;
And when in heaven we meet, dear,
We'll love each other there.

AN ANSWER

“ Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life,
What was I born for? For somebody's wife —”

It was this little couplet that greeted my eyes
As I glanced through a paper with much of surprise;

If this is the aim of the girls that I know,
The aim of our boys has not gone down so low.

O girls, now why should you allow them to say
The reason you live is to marry some day ?
If uselessly now you are living your life
You'll uselessly live when you're somebody's wife.

If you are but watching a husband to greet,
And longing that somebody soon now to meet,
'Twill not be much pity, 'twill not be sad fate,
If somebody comes to you never, or late.

Your purpose in life should be noble and grand,
And not just to marry. So please understand
If you do what is right, from that rule never swerve,
You'll get a good husband, the kind you deserve.

TO MRS. W ———

With a soul that is pure and ambitious,
And a mind like the depths of the sea,
And a heart ever true, ever trustful,
Camest thou from afar, dear, to me.

But the sound of thy voice and I yielded,
Laid my trophies of heart and of brain
At thy feet, to be gathered and treasured,
Or be cast to the giver again.

But thou didst not refuse of my friendship,
And so I, growing bold, send thee this;
May it tell thee my joy in thy presence,
How thy sweet, girlish ways I will miss.

Like a ray of the warm southern sunshine
Came thy life into mine to enthrall
And to cheer me, and others who meet thee.
Thou hast won the kind wishes of all.

But the dear sunny South calls thee hither,
Also duty and love bid thee go,
Where our stern stately way may not chill thee,
Where the cold northern winds do not blow.

But in the days of the swift-coming future,
Shouldst thou sit in thy fair southern home,
None near thee save Charlie and children,
Oh, remember the friend here alone.

And may warm southern breezes waft to thee
All the thoughts and kind wishes we send;
May the mem'ry of days, few yet happy,
Be connected with that of your friend.

TO MRS. A ———

Alone in the desolate darkness
I sit and fight with my fate;
Despair doth claim and hold me.
O God! weary I wait.

I wait but for woman's true heritage
That God hath given for all,
Else why make hearts so human
To wait and long for love's call.

A MIDNIGHT VIGIL

The sunset fades. The moonbeams rise
To light the scenes we loved so dear,—
The scenes we two oft looked upon
In nights gone by when thou wert near.

The night wind sighs, for thou art gone;
Those happy days are now all past;
The tall trees stand, like spectral ghosts,
To seek for that which did not last.

Tho' years bring naught and fortune frowns,
Tho' fate shall hold its hand between
Thy life and mine to keep us twain,
Still shall my love keep fresh and green.

The summer stars that now seem dim,
The moonbeams that to-night I see
And watch in loneliness and grief,
Are shining, dear, for thee and me.

And tho' through falling tears I watch,
I know the night must pass away;
God would not let such love be born
To unrequited always be.

E'en now I see the dawn approach
And at its coming shadows flee.
O love! will sorrow cease at last
And joy return to me and thee?

And shouldst alone thou wend thy path
Beneath the starlight's flickering rays,
Thou canst not still what love shall tell,
Nor drown the dream of bygone days.

Sometimes, in lonely evening hours,
A secret voice shall lisp my name,
And tell thee, as in days of old,
" Her love once true is just the same."

THE MAN IN THE MANSION

If the man of great poverty hath naught to share.
If with cold he is skaking, his hands numb and
bare,

If he thinks of life's pleasures for him there are none
From the dawn of the day to the setting of sun,—
When he thinks of these things (he will grieve as he
thinks),

Then his courage oft fails him, his spirit oft sinks
But remember

If the man in the hovel hath trials to bear,
So hath the man in the mansion.

If the hut of the poor man is dingy and dim
Yet hath love that will lighten life's pathway for
him,

No need he to care for the palaces great,
Where fountains are sparkling and carriages wait,
Where breezes are sweet with the perfumes of
blooms,

Yet love lingers not in those richly decked rooms.
For remember

If the man in the hovel hath love in his home
Perchance there is none in the mansion.

After all, what is wealth? If the heart hath its
grief,
And is sordid and narrow, can the wealth give
relief?

When the sunshine falls only on carpets so rare,
While the life is all darkened by sorrow and care,
The rich man may live in a great splendid hell,
And bear all its tortures; he, only, could tell.

But remember

That if true love will lighten the load for the poor,
'Twill also for him in the mansion.

Envy not, though in hut or in hovel art thou,
Let the sweat of toil honest stand out on thy brow,
Let thy heart beat with willingness. Grasp every
chance.

When thou seest, without envy, the rich in thy
glance

Thou wilt know that their cup holds its bitterness,
too,

And that fate hath not dealt so unjustly with you.

And remember

That the man in the hovel hath trials to bear
And so hath the man in the mansion.

THOUGHTS OF THE PAST

I am thinking now of you

And I wonder as I sigh

If you ever think of me

And the days that have gone by?

If you love another one;

As you call another dear

Are your thoughts for him as true

As in days when I was near?

Does it ever cause you pain
As your thoughts recall the past?
'Twas but fate that came to us
And our hopes did quickly blast.
I will often think of you
And the happy times we had;
But the future has its cheer
So we need not be so sad.

Dear, I hope that you may be
Always free from grief and fear;
May you sometimes think of me
And the days when I was dear.
And may future friendships gained
Be as true as were the old;
And on memory's pages white
May our names be both enrolled.

HE KNOWETH BEST

How often do we pause to wonder
Why certain things have happened so,
Forgetful that an all-wise power
Permitted it, and He doth know.
We ask for much, for many blessings,
Expecting to receive them all.
But, like a child, when they're not granted
Our hopes and spirits, faltering, fall.

'Tis when our hearts are early saddened,
Despondency doth dwell therein;
And so we think that fate's unjust,
And almost cease to trust in Him,

Our hearts grow weak, our thoughts rebellious ,
Against His judgment, good and great,
The knowledge of His wisdom cometh
To every one, tho' sometimes late.

But coming years bring us more wisdom;
We see He doeth what is best.
And by His answering, not in our way,
We learn to trust Him for the rest.
We see His strength by our own weakness,
And learn to love Him and to adore;
By disappointments we grow stronger,
And learn to trust Him more and more.

REVERIE

I cannot tell why I should seem
So sad and lone to-night,
For all this world is full of joy,
My life has been so bright.
But sitting here alone and tired,
And longing for a rest,
I thought of home and those I love
Of all my friends the best.

As my piano stool was near
I sat me down to play;
My fingers wandered o'er the keys
With careless, idle sway.
'Twas long ere I knew what I played;
My mind was far away
With those, who, I felt sure, had missed
Their loving child to-day.

At home I often used to sing
An old, old soldier song
In which he asks if he is missed
By those he left so long,
And if there is a vacant chair
Among the family group,
Or if they think of him who now
Is marching with his troupe.

I used to wonder then if I
Would ever sing that song
And really mean it, and like him
Would be away so long.
These,— idle words for me to ask
If they miss me at home,
For well I know that I am missed
Regardless where I roam.

And so to-night, unconsciously,
I played that dear old song,
And with such thoughts, no wonder 'tis
I played it o'er so long.
But useless thoughts like these must cease
For lack of sense and time;
But there was comfort in the song.
And solace in the rhyme.

THE LOVER'S RETURN

The wild wind was whizzing by turret and tower;
It seemed it were fleeing from some fiendish foe
That came from behind. Clustering clouds hang-
ing low
As if they would fain touch the earth with their
weight.

'Twas dangerous now to be out such a night
As this was; and yet I could hear, not far off,
The voices of men as they passed quickly by
My window. But I, in my room, sat alone.

I thought not of solitude that had grown old
In all those long nights that I passed thus alone.
My thoughts were of him who had written to me:
“ At nine I will be with you if God will permit.”

The clock said 8.30 and still I must wait
One long half an hour. Aweary and worn
I threw myself down on a chair just to rest.
O'ercome by fatigue, peaceful sleep kissed my eyes.

I dreamed of that loved one whose coming would be
To me as is heaven to some weary soul,
I saw him so happy, yet weary and tired,
As he could well be from the long, cheerless ride.

In accents so gentle, with face all aglow,
I dreamed that he called unto me: “ Nellie, come.”
I wakened. 'Twas nine, and I sprang to the door,
And there stood my lover e'en as I had dreamed.

My joy was complete, for I knew that he came
To leave me no more; no more solitude now.
For we shall be married ere winter has flown.
My life is all joy since my lover's return.

CLASS POEM. N. N. U., 1890

Dear friends and schoolmates, now has come
The time to separate;
For us to face the vast unknown,
To meet our future fate.

A few of us are coming back
To school again this fall;
Yet, nevermore as classmates dear
Shall I meet with you all.

For some are going home to stay,
Their happy schooldays o'er;
And some may soon be called away
To yonder better shore.
The others starting out in life
Are free from care to-day;
Temptations may beset you all
And dark may be your way.

We know not care nor trouble yet,
But that will come ere long;
So we should strive to grow more brave;
Some day we'll need be strong.
Sometime we'll need the lessons learned
Here each and every term;
The most important one we learned is this:
In what is right be firm.

Discouraged never, hope, nor shrink,
Though dark your prospects seem;
Do what is right and never fear,
You'll soon see heaven's gleam.
Be thoughtful, earnest, good, and true,
In all you say and do;
You'll win the confidence of men
And that will help you through.

But you should have some aim in life,
Some noble work to do,

Then strive each day, aye, every hour
That purpose to pursue.
Now we that yet remain in school
Shall often think of you
And how we formed in days gone by
Our bond of friendship true.

To those intending soon to teach,
Be careful what you tell,
For little ones remember things
They've learned in youth quite well.
Teach them to study for themselves
And not depend on you;
It is by far the wiser plan,
Their work they'll learn to do.

And now, dear schoolmates, one and all,
I think that we should try
To cultivate our minds and not
Let time go idly by.
As faithful students of this school
It thus appears to me
That we should show what model men
And women we can be.

MOTHER LOVE

A wee little baby was I once,
So black-eyed, fat, and fair,
When placed in mother's loving arms,
To be her joy and care.

She watched o'er me as none else could,
With love and earnest prayer,
Until I left my happy home
And childish pleasures there.

Yes, she has been kind and true to me
In all my childhood years;
And though a woman, still the same
She shares my joys and fears.

Should friends that I deem so stanch prove false,
Or life seem dark and drear,
I know that mother clings to me
Of all earth's friends most dear.

'Tis true that this world is full of flowers
For those to pluck who may;
Yet thorns their fragrance mingle 'mong
To sting us on our way.

Yet all of the thorny, tempting blooms,
E'en those of sharpest sting,
Dim not that valued mother love,
For 'tis an holy thing.

My prayer shall e'er be, blest mother heart,
That when temptation lowers
I may be strong, its charms resist,
For Christ's sake first, then yours.

TO A FRIEND, MRS. S ———

Not lightly, like a fallen leaf
That gently by the wind is blown,
That whirls and flutters in midair,
One moment here and then has flown,
That only lives one summertime,
Then changes garments all so bright
To please the eyes of those who see,—
Then dies,— not so my love for thee.

I love thee, not as children love
A friend, but for a little while,
And then because of childish woe
Repulse the friend, reject the smile,
Nor love I e'en as maidens love,
But for a time and then to choose
Another one to take thy place
And all thy trust and friendship lose.

I love thee as true women love;
With worship, faith, and love combined;
All these at thy dear feet I lay,
For thou art queen of womankind.
And as a subject to her queen,
I dare not speak such words to thee;
But, as a friend, I dare to ask
Wilt thou accept these lines from me?

A FAREWELL

Oh, carest thou aught that I leave thee ?
Oh, carest thou, dear, that we part ?
Friendship has grown far too sacred
For thine ere to fade from my heart.

Mayest thou be successful and happy
In all that thou wilt undertake;
Honor, respect, and true friendship,
Wilt thou accept, dear, for my sake ?

So leaving and yet not forgetting
That thou wert so kind unto me,
Send I, with feelings most grateful,
These lines of farewell unto thee.

I could not, I dared not express them
Last night when I bade thee farewell;
Read thou the thoughts that I send thee,
The thoughts that I wished so to tell.

" I dared not," meant not that I cared not,
This thou couldst have seen at the time;
Canst thou read thoughts tho' unspoken ?
I would that thou couldst have known mine.

So now fare thee well. If forever,
Then still say I, friend, fare thee well.
Mine be the gratitude sent thee.
Far more than my tongue e'er can tell.

TWILIGHT REVERIE

I am sitting alone in the twilight,
I'm dreaming sweet dreams that might be;
I'm dreaming of joy and contentment
That could have been mine if with thee.

I loved thee more fondly, my darling,
Than ere thou couldst hope or I tell.
Thy absence was but my one sorrow.
I know that I loved thee too well.

For fate hath decreed we should sever,
That thou shouldst be taken from me.
But fate shall forbid us to ever
Forget our true love,— 'tis to be.

Though years intervene and though sorrow
Has furrowed thy brow and touched mine,
Yet years cannot change the heart's longing,
The longing of mine and of thine.

New ties may be formed and new friendships,
But none will be dear as the old;
My heart will e'er cherish thy memory,
Though others thy arms will enfold.

Another may woo thee and win thee,
And fate smile and say " 'tis to be."
Yet none can remember and love thee
As truly as I have loved thee.

THE ANGEL'S PRAYER

'Twas the angels up in heaven
That alone heard Annie say:
"O dear Jesus, may my brother
Come to me from earth away?"

He is young and life's temptations
Are too great for him to bear;
O dear Saviour, will you hearken
Unto this, my feeble prayer?"

But the Saviour gently answered:
"He is all your parent's joy.
Would you not spare them this sorrow,
Would you not leave them their boy?"

For a moment Annie pondered,
Then this answer to Him gave:
"From temptation's luring power
My dear brother I would save.

"For a time he'd leave the parents,
Soon they'll follow to this land;
Then they'll find their children waiting,
Waiting for them hand in hand.

"They will miss and mourn for brother,
But they soon will think of me
And be glad he is in heaven
Safe from sin, from sorrow free."

So He sent an angel spirit
To that home where brother lay;
No one heard the angel whisper:
"Come, sweet child, with me away."

As the parents watched the loved one
No one saw the spirits go;
No one saw them as they journeyed
Side by side from earth below.

Now two little graves are lying
Covered o'er with flowers white;
And in heaven angels welcomed
Two sweet spirits to their light.

O dear parents, He hath taken
What he loaned thee for a day;
But you'll gather 'gain your jewels,—
Not in yours but God's own way.

DRIFTED APART

Dark the night and cold and stormy,
Loud the roaring blast I heard;
All within my room was silence,
Fear prevented e'en a word.

When at last the storm was over,
Mary came and knelt by me,
Raised her face and sadly whispered:
"Let me live, dear Jane, with thee."

For my life is sad and dreary;
Love and joy are mine no more;
All my vows of love are broken,
All my happy dreams are o'er.

Though I loved so truly, fondly,
Though I worshiped at his shrine,
Yet, dear sister, hath another
Claimed the place which once was mine.

'Twas ambition that did part us,
Naught but longing for great fame;
Longing, working, hoping, striving,
But to gain a glorious name.

Breathing vows of love we parted
Not for years to meet again;
Then we had the one assurance
That we faithful could remain.

But our paths became divided;
And work claimed us as its own;
Soon our letters grew much shorter,
Ere we thought that love had flown.

But to-day did he come hither.
When I glanced into his face,
Did my heart beat faster, louder,
Ah, no love I there could trace.

Calmly, then, as true friends only
Spoke we of the days gone by;
Spoke we of our first emotion,
Talked and laughed without a sigh.

But, dear sister, when he left me
Fast the bitter tears did flow;
For my love had been but sleeping,
Now but sorrow do I know.

For I love him, oh, so fondly,
Yet that love he could not guess,
For my eyes were bright and sparkling,
And my lips did not confess.

He has gone; the farewell's spoken;
I am left with none but you.
He will claim a fairer sweetheart
Who to him may be more true.

So, dear sister, would I give you
All the love 'twere mine to give;
Share your joy; help bear your sorrow,
With you evermore would live.

TO THE BLIND

Live thy life nobly, not pause to regret.
No life so happy but grief may come yet.
Sorrow hath touched thee. Affliction is thine,
But for some purpose. Be brave, friends of mine.

Roses the sweetest have thorns that may sting;
Lives that are noblest have sad songs they sing;
Hearts that are truest have ached day by day;
Sorrow and joy are companions alway.

What hath Dame Fortune allotted to thee
Since she forbade thee the bright world to see ?
Health beyond value of jewels or gold;
Wisdom and judgment thy talents to mould.

What though the sunlight thou canst not now see ?
Warmth of its rays is still given to thee.
Songs of the birds that are fluttering near,
God in His wisdom permits thee to hear.

Flowers for thee lend their fragrance so sweet,
Tho' their bright colors thine eyes do not greet;
Some of all beauties to thee nature sends,
Blessing thee, cheering thee. with all it lends.

Dearest of all is the friendship that's thine,
Friendship when true is a gift most divine.
So despair not. Thou hast much cause for praise.
God, when 'tis best, will thy dark curtain raise.

Dream in thy darkness. God's hand hides the
light.
Love for mankind and thy God makes life bright.
Patience will lighten the darkest despair.
God's will be done. Make this sweet thought thy
prayer.

OUR FLAG

Off with your hats, boys, for there floats our flag,
The flag of our freedom, our emblem of pride.
The flag we defended with glory and grit,
When friend and when foe marched along side by
side.

'Midst sorrow and suffering, 'midst death and
disease,
'Midst trials and turmoils, they gave up their lives;
For dearer to them was our country all free
Than children and home and their sweet loving
wives.

Those brave noble wives in their homes left so lone
Fought battles unknown to the soldier at war;
Fought doubt and despair (lest their loved ones
might fall)
Yet sent cheerful words to their husbands afar.

The sight of our flag made each soldier's heart beat;
Its stars and its stripes meant real freedom for all;
So boldly they marched and more bravely they
fought
And nobly they died that their flag might not fall.

Then since 'twas that emblem of red, white, and blue
That gave them such courage their victory to gain,
We'll place it on housetops, in homes and in schools,
To wave everywhere and honored remain.

SOMETIME

Sometime, when years have passed away
And darkened locks have turned to gray,
When all your present hopes are fled,
Though love for me you think long dead,
Perchance your heart will then recall
The wife who loved, who gave her all
To live with you, dear, side by side,—
Who once was called your happy bride.

Some day, our child perhaps may be
The one to bring you back to me,
When, through temptation, you are taught
That what seems golden may be naught.
Your wandering feet may tire some day,
Back to my heart your love may stray;
You'll find me waiting, dear, for you;
Though years go by, I'll still be true.

Sometime, dear heart, when death draws near
Thy form, my heart has held so dear,
If none there be to say farewell,
If none with you and death dare dwell,
You need not close your eyes alone;
For then I'll come, I'll come, my own.
At death I'll kneel at your dear side.
Through life, through death, I am your bride.

CRAZY UINTAH OF THE ROCKIES

I was not always as you see.
I loved in vain. 'Twas not for me
To win my loved, my dusky squaw.
Another chief had won by law;
The number of the herd was named
And strips of wampum. Then I blamed,
I cursed sad fate that said me nay;
That gave me not my bridal day.

For days and nights I pondered long;
No charm for me had dance or song;
I knew that she for him would sing,
To him, my foe, her love would bring.
And so, one dark and dismal day,
When from our camp he went away,
I softly crept to her dear side;
I slew, then kissed, his promised bride.

I hastened 'way to meet the men
As from their hut they came; and then
By one sly thrust I struck him dead.
Not one had seen or turned a head.
Ere long the corpse of her was found,
And his dead body on the ground.
They could not prove the guilt on me.
Since then I've wandered wildly free.

They say that grief has turned my brain
Because I know not joy or pain;
Because no wigwam shelters me;
'Neath skies of blue I'd rather be.

Nor do I talk wh tcomrades gay;
One comrade stole my love away.
So I, Uintah, am called wild,
Though I am naught but nature's child.

ALONE

I was happy in my childhood,
In the days of years gone by;
For my home was 'midst the flowers,
Where the brook flowed swiftly by,
In the fields and through the wildwoods,
On its long and winding way
To the ocean, wide and boundless,
Where the waves roll night and day.

Then my brothers and my sisters
Gathered round the fireside wide,
In the long, cold winter evenings,
With our parents by our side.
One by one our group grew smaller;
One by one we left that home;
And the childish pleasures vanished
As we o'er this earth did roam.

And the aged father, mother,
Lone and wearied, slept at last
In that cold and silent slumber;
And for them earth's toils were past.
Now with age my eyes are dimming;
And not far I see the shore
Where with parents, sisters, brothers,
I shall join the throng once more.

A SPRINGTIME DAY

The feathered songsters now have come,
And two by two they build their home;
And prating, mating, nesting now,
While chirping forth love's sweetest vow.
The budding clover climbs and spreads
And covers earth with fragrant beds;
The bursting buds of growing green
Reveal the dainty hues between.
The drowsy breezes bring to sight
A falling snow of petals white.
The warm winds blowing over all,
And all green growing, fragrant, tall,
Proclaim the fact that spring is here,—
The beauty season of the year.
The world,— a song for poets to sing;
The earth,— a poem for peasant and king.
Nor pen nor brush can quite portray
The beauties of a springtime day.

MY BABE

I look in thine eyes so blue, my babe,
Deep in their azure light:
But thou hast not one glance for me,
One glance from those eyes so bright.

The light of the gas fire charms thee now;
Oh, tell! What dost thou see?
Will sorrow soon cease and joy return
As of old to me and thee?

Oh, canst thou not see a path of peace
In which thy feet may tread?
Or must thy ways be dark as mine?
If so, thou wert better dead.

Oh, smile once again, my baby dear;
That heaven-sent smile retain;
Tho' mother must weep, smile whilst thou can;
Too soon life will bring its pain.

Oh, that I could hold thee to my heart
And shield thee now and alway;
So great my love, thou knowest not,
But thou, dear, wilt know some day.

WHY GRIEVE?

Poor wounded heart, why grieve thou so?
Earth's pain is not for aye;
The grief that seems so bitter now
Will leave thy heart some day,

And leave thee better, wiser far,
Than hadst thou shed no tears;
Then drink the cup that's given thee,
But banish bitter fears.

Rebellious heart, why fight thou so?
This trial is not for naught;
Then seek its mission; learn from it
The lesson to be taught.

Thou failest when thou seeest not
Its mission, gift divine;
No burden comes that is too great;
God knew the strength was thine.

Know to each heart no burden comes
But brings a blessing, too;
Trust in thy God who sendeth both
Life's roses with the rue.

Reveal thy strength to conquer this;
To bear this trial, thy task;
Thrust not from thee this bitter cup,
Nor lighter burden ask.

"Thy will, not mine," Christ drank the cup.
O bitter heart, don't grieve;
Be brave. Arise above thy trials,
And God will help. Believe.

THE PATTTER OF BABY'S FEET

Go where she will the mother hears
The baby's feet that patter
And clatter on the floor;
Nor could she wish them silent,
And that their noisy tramp was o'er.

Go where she will they follow still,
First tramping close behind her,
Then trotting on before;
And falling, sometimes, often,
Upon the parlor rug or floor.

And as the weary mother wipes
Away the childish teardrops,
And soothes the baby fears,
Her face reveals a careworn look,
And not far off are signs of tears.

But if that babe were cold in death,
And baby steps were silenced,
The prattle of those feet
(That now are scarcely silent)
Were stilled beneath a winding sheet,

The mother's heart would long for noise
Of baby feet to patter;
Her tear-dimmed eyes would meet
No childish glance; she'd sadly list
To hear those baby feet.

THE BRIDGE

I stand on the bridge in the moonlight;
The great rolling waves rush below;
Their waters all tumbling and tossing,
As down to the ocean they flow.

Each billow seems angry and cruel,
Relentlessly fighting its way,
Now under, now over companions,
Like men in this great lifelong play.

Life's play? Aye, a drama pathetic,
Where soul crushes soul in its greed;

Where selfishness crowds out the brotherhood
Of men who for strength daily plead.

I see deep below me the seaweeds;
Beyond lies the ocean so vast;
Is it better to sink 'neath the current
Or, oceanward, strive to the last?

Is it better to be but an atom
Scarce known in life's great boundless deep
After years, weary years of life's struggle,
Or buried ere eyes have to weep?

And yet tear-dimmed eyes have grown brighter,
And grief-burdened hearts have grown brave;
Each sorrow well met brings a vict'ry
That never will come through the grave.

I see in the pools by the wayside
The water at rest, listless, still;
For use so unfit, simply stagnant,
Like souls that of joy drink their fill.

Far better to be in the current
That bears the whole world to the sea,
And share in our hearts others' sorrow,
Tho' oftentimes we long to be free.

Far better a drop in the ocean
And a rest in the blue boundless deep,
Than a part of the pool, useless, selfish,
Though from conflicts and currents we keep.

Far better to fight through life's journey
And feel at the end 'twas worth while;
To know that we lifted some burdens,
To some weary hearts brought a smile.

As I watch the waves tumbling and tossing
In the still, silent light of the moon,
I cast on the current my sorrow
And it bears far away all my gloom.

And I turn to the noise of the city,
Ambition renewed once again.
The world seems calling me henceforth;
The grief-burdened world needs brave men.

Aye, the world has much need for true workers;
And brothers are sinking in sin
For the lack of a kind hand to help them.
Cannot you and I help them to win?

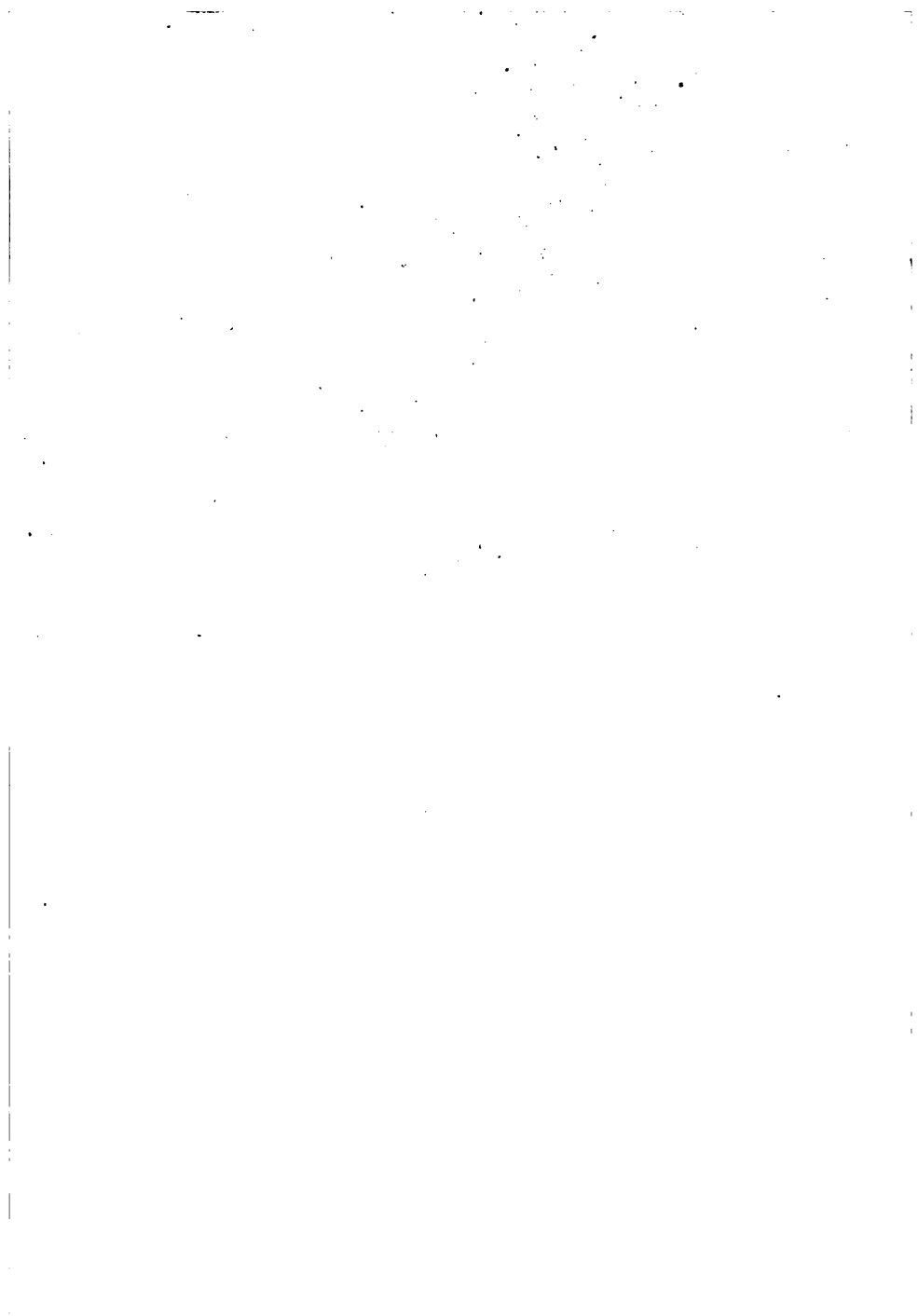
BROTHERHOOD

*(Given at June banquet of People's Church,
Kalamazoo, Michigan.)*

In the midst of a beautiful city
Stood a temple both massive and grand;
And gathered within were its members;
'Twas a free-hearted optimist band

With their tables temptingly loaded;
So the hearts of the feasters were filled
With the joy of reunion fraternal;
When, all at once, mirth and music were stilled.





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